Vol. CXXXVIII. No. 1798.

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THE BYSTANDER JUNE 1, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

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Golf, Tennis, Bathing. On sea front. 120 rooms, 50 baths. Dancing, excellent cuisine. Garage, R.A.C., A.A. Special early rates. Full inclusive terms, £3—£4.10.0 week.

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Brussels.—Hotel Metropole.—The leading Hotel. The finest Hotel Rooms in the World.

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Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near golf, Casino, Bathing, Tennis, Special early Season rates. Open Whitsun.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Finest Hotel facing sea. Nr. Casino, Golf, Tennis. Special early Season rates. Now open.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubile, 125 Av. Ch. Elysées. 100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Priv. Suites.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes & Nice.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 110, with bath fr. Frs. 135

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera-Naviro-tel.—Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for Illustrated booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green fee.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st. class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st. cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10. With priv. bath £5

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bellevue.—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading Hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe

Baden - Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renov. 260 beds. Rms. fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished family hotel. Garage. Opposite Park

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fog. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms fr. R.M 10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn. Pk., Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar.—Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. W'ld ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. Grill. Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150r. fr. 6.-, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station 300 beds. From R.M.4

Frankfort - on - Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its hors-d'œuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises

Garmisch-Partenkirchen-Park Hotel "Alpen-hof."—lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Ev. com. Prospec. thro' propr. Hanns Kilian.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl. Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful sit 1st. class hotel. Every comf. at Mod. Terms.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from R.M.5.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus and Rest. Hundseck (2,952 ft.)—Sit. on Black Ft 160 beds. Mod. comf. Pen. fr. R.M.7 to R.M.

Königswinter on Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.—High class. Overlooking Rhine valley. Motor rd. Rack rail. Gar. Spts. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.50

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance).—Hotel Bad Schachen.—1st-class throughout—200 rooms—priv. beach—extens. park—tennis—mod. terms.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich—Hotel Grünwald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube

Munich.—Hotel "Der Könighof" Karlsplatz.—First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New Garage in hotel.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden.—Bl. For.—**Landhaus Fuchs.**—20 mls. from Baden-Baden, a country house—private swim. pool.—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest home for English people. First class. Full illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage Pen. from Mks. 9

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M.12

SWITZERLAND.

Davos Palace Hotel, Summer 1938.—Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8000 feet.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Metropole & National.—The comf. hotel on the lake side and nearest to business centre. Rooms from Frs. 6. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea level)—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 min. from Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Grand Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Ten., swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh. 14

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf, Tennis, Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).—Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Htl. Schweizerhof.—Rnwnd. for its fine sit., ex. cooking, and comf. Rms. from Frs. 6. Pens. rates fr. Frs. 14. Gar., ten., swim.

Interlaken.—Grd. Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sit. on main prom. facing Jungfrau. Absolutely first-class. Pens. rate fr. Frs. 17.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—First-class. Home of best English Soc. All Sum. Sports. Lake bathing. Pens. terms fr. Frs. 15 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.—Royal Hotel.—Superior First class Hotel. Ideal position in large park. Every convenience. Inclusive terms fr. 15/-.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—(First-class). Magnificent. View on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading Family Hotel in splendid Park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lausanne - Ouchy.—Hotel Du Château.—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—**Sporthotel Wild-Strubel.**—Alpine Flora at its best, easy walks, mountain tours. Every comft. From Frs. 10.

(*Continued on page iii of cover*)

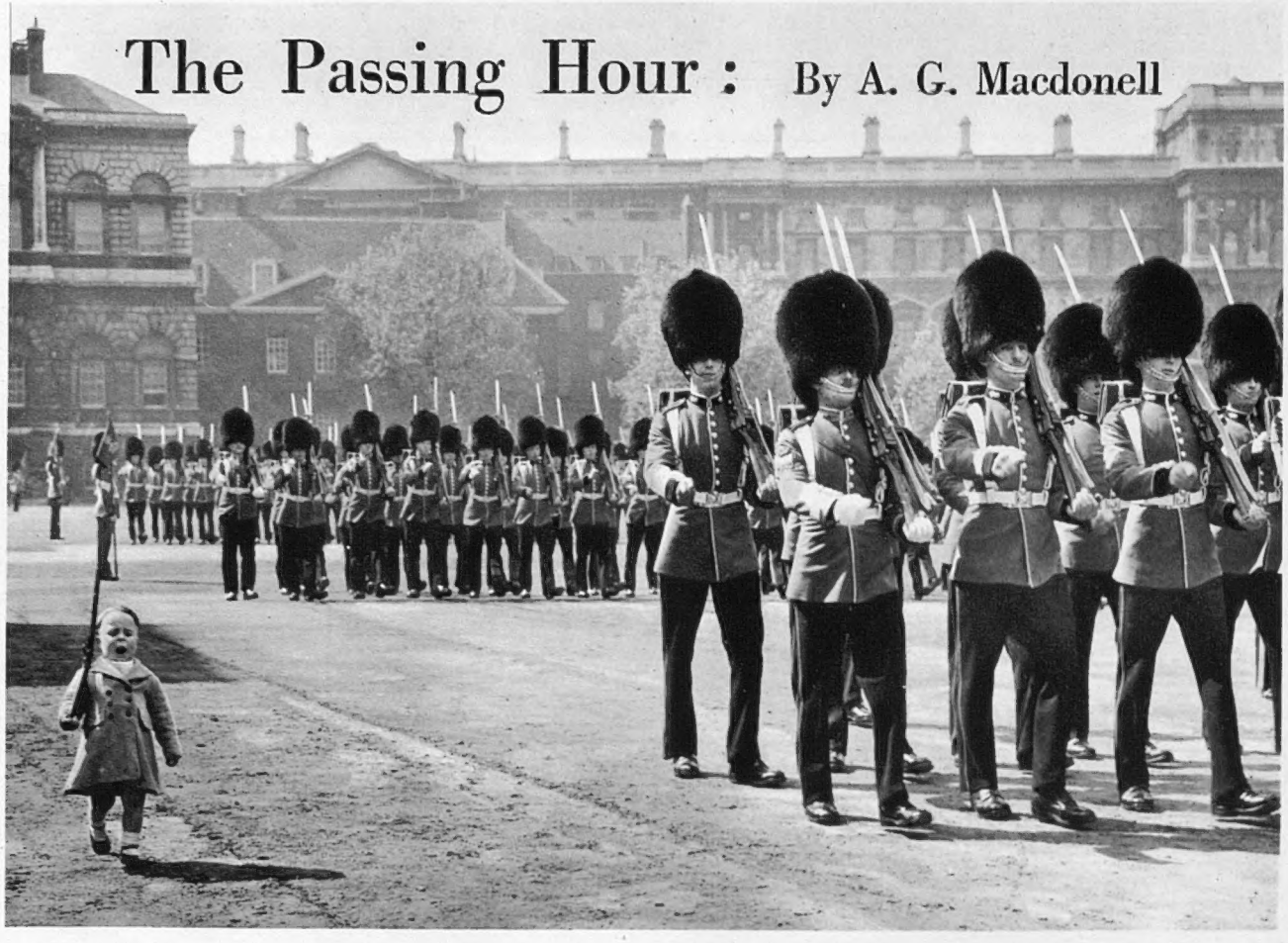
The Bystander, June 1, 1938 No. 1798. Vol. CXXXVIII.

The Bystander

Madeleine Carroll Returns to the Screen on Whit-Monday

The West Bromwich-born film star had a bunch of successful films last season, the latest of which was David Selznick's *Prisoner of Zenda*. Her first pre-release showing this year will be at the London Pavilion on Bank Holiday, in a story of the Spanish civil war, called *Blockade*: co-star, Henry Fonda. Everyone knows about the castle in Spain owned by Madeleine Carroll and her husband Philip Astley; it's on a bluff overlooking the Government stronghold Barcelona, so the star's interest in the war is more than filmic. She is in Europe now; joined her husband in Paris last week

The Passing Hour : By A. G. Macdonell



Born to be a Sergeant-Major : Two Year-Old Peter Jackson Attends the Mounting of the Guard

So far as the man in the street was concerned, the Czechoslovak crisis ran a very odd course last week. The situation was critical and very inflammable. There were movements of German troops ; there was the passionate outburst of anti-Czech propaganda in Germany's Press ; and Prague actually mobilised 80,000 reservists. But somehow no one here took it seriously. No one paid any attention.

EUROPE'S statesmen, on the other hand, took the crisis very seriously indeed, and, for the first time for quite a while, all combined to keep the peace. Herr Henlein, German minority leader in Bohemia, was more conciliatory than anyone had dared to hope. Herr Hitler rattled no sabre. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax were firm and dignified. And Italy exerted herself in the direction of common sense and "good Europeanism." Incidentally, Italy was a little embarrassed by the coincidence that last week she celebrated the anniversary of her entry into the war of 1915-18 against Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire, her former allies.

POLAND made a significant announcement when the Czech crisis was in full swing. The Warsaw Government declared its loyalty to its alliance with France "and will go to the assistance of France in case she is attacked by any other Power." But if France is drawn into a war owing to alliances with any other country, then Poland considers herself free from all obligations. In other words, Poland will not help France except in the remote possibility of a frontal German assault on the Maginot Line.

THE Prime Minister vigorously replied to the attacks of the two Oppositions and of Mr. Churchill on the Air Ministry. There were two things which the attackers wanted—an Inquiry into the workings of the Ministry and the creation of a Ministry of Supply. Mr. Chamberlain flatly refused them both. He praised everyone and everything he could lay his hands on, and distributed an extraordinary number of bouquets. One gathered at the end of it all that everything in the administration of our Air defences is perfect, and that the only thing which remains is to sit back and let Sir Kingsley Wood go ahead.

AND yet—and yet one wonders. Dr. Dalton, the Labour spokesman, had a very formidable list of charges. So had Sir Archibald Sinclair. So had Mr. Churchill. Can it be that all this smoke has really been produced without any fire at all ? "How is it," asked Mr. Churchill, "that this skilful aircraft industry of Britain requires 90,000 men, and then produces perhaps between a half and one-third of what is being produced by about 110,000 men in Germany ?" And again : "This is the

(Concluded on page 336.)

Violinist's Wedding

Yehudi Menuhin's wedding to Nola Ruby Nicholson took place at Caxton Hall Register Office last week, after a brief engagement. Young Mrs. Menuhin comes from Melbourne, and is nineteen, two years younger than her husband

Prince's Pram Ride

Prince Edward, the Duke and Duchess of Kent's son, was photographed in Belgrave Square one sunny morning last week. He will be three years old next October

"Publicity Parade"

Advertisements Live for the P.O.I.P.H.

Photographs by Peter North

"Players Please": *Mr. Wilfred Raworth and J. Hennessey*

Yardley's Lavender: *Juliet Parker, Monica White, Margaret Shields*

The Bisto Kids and the Kodak Girl: *Betty Cobham, a District Messenger, and Valerie Stokes*

P.O.I.P.H. stands for the Society for the Provision of Occupational Industries for the Physically Handicapped. This unwieldy title explains the excellent aim of an organisation whose patroness is the Duchess of Kent. She will be present at the Cambridge Theatre to-morrow afternoon for the "Publicity Parade," at which a number of young socialites will represent figures from well-known advertisements. Esmé Church is in charge of the production

Vertige Coty: *Diana Barnato poses as the advertisement for this well-known scent*

The Passing Hour *(Continued)*

thirty-fourth month since Lord Baldwin decided that the Air Force must be tripled " ; and has it been tripled ? No, sir, nor even doubled.

A SMALL but disquieting example of official side-stepping comes from the War Ministry. Mr. Hore-Belisha announced that an ample supply of anti-aircraft artillery is now available for the defence of London, and *The Times* published the glad tidings under suitable and triumphant headlines. It now turns out that this artillery is old war-stock ; 3-inch calibre, rebored, and generally fidged up. Its effective range is about 10,000 feet. Of the new 3·7-inch gun, with a range of 20,000 feet, there are hardly a dozen in the country. And this is what is called an ample supply of anti-aircraft artillery.

THINGS are coming to a pretty pass when civilian writers start throwing doubt upon the value of the rifle as a weapon. Captain Liddell Hart casually mentioned in print the other day that the rifle is hardly being used at all in Spain. This cuts at the very root of British military training, which is based on the lessons of Crécy, Busaco, and Mafeking.

THE grim war in Spain seems to have reached another of its periodical deadlocks, and it is being freely rumoured that the cause of the Republicans' sudden strengthening, both in morale and material, is the arrival of another consignment of Russian aeroplanes. These machines, it is said, are flying to Spain from Russia with a refuelling halt in Czechoslovakia.

IT is quite a while since I published any news from the Lord Palmerston Front. This is the front, a few of my readers will remember, on which anyone of any nationality (except, of course, citizens of very small nations) can do anything he likes to any British citizen. The procedure then is that Whitehall sends a very strong protest indeed, usually " couched in the strongest possible terms," to which no one pays the slightest attention, and then the matter drops. The latest incident from this Front is the repeated bombing of British merchant-ships lying off Valencia. The Thorpehall, lying a mile and a half out, has now been sunk by insurgent bombers flying from Majorca.

I DISLIKE intensely the sound of the Rotterdam murder. It is one of those apparently trivial incidents (trivial, that is to say, to everyone except the murdered man) which might so easily flare up into something really dangerous. The murdered man, who was travelling under the name of " Novack," was the leader of the Nationalist movement in the Ukraine, and the Rotterdam police claim to have evidence that he was killed by officials of the Russian secret police.

MR. DINGLE FOOT is a young Liberal Member of Parliament with a legal mind and a rooted dislike of the ever-spreading powers of the bureaucracy. He has just discovered that under the Official Secrets Act of 1920 there is nothing to stop the police from arresting an M.P. who refused to divulge the sources of information on which he based a speech in the House. Mr. Foot is introducing a Bill to remove this scandal. There is quite a lot of war legislation and immediately post-war legislation which ought to be repealed or amended. D.O.R.A. is a case in point.

A CHARMING comment on Mr. Foot's bill comes from a New Square lawyer who writes that, under the present state of the law, any Secretary of State can " intercept, open, and read all private correspondence consigned to the post. If one of these eminent persons was in love with a woman he could lawfully call for and read all her correspondence and all the correspondence of his rivals."

THERE is something deliciously comic in the fact that the leader of the Jamaican rioters should be a negro moneylender named Bustamente. No novelist would have dared such a stretch of the imagination.

IN the present whirl of publicity which surrounds my native country, with its Exhibition and its Amateur Golf Championship, it is interesting that the best short history of Scotland and its essentials should come from the joint pens of two Englishmen. It is true that in their introduction Messrs. Sacheverell Sitwell and Francis Bamford claim Scots blood. But their claims are pretty vague, and they are really English, I think. Anyway, their book " Edinburgh " is a brilliantly selective bit of work.

MUSK-RATS, those creatures with the strange passion for eating the banks of canals, having been officially exterminated, their place in the fur-farms of England has been taken by the nutria (or coypu). I have worked it out by a process of observation, precedent, and deduction, that it will only be eleven days before one of the funny boys makes a crack about Winnie the Coypu, and then the whole pack will be after the poor rodent. (As the Ministry of Agriculture sings on its way to work : " Where are the rodents, the rodents of Eng-er-land ? ")

I SNEAKED away from the grindstone last week and watched Edrich of Middlesex make a couple of hundred runs against Nottinghamshire. He is a beautifully polished batsman with a hook that is reminiscent of the great " Patsy " himself. The way in which he and Compton hit Larwood all over the field caused a lot of pleasure in the pavilion among old players who had been terrorised by Larwood in his palmy and deadly days.

THE cricket correspondent of *The Times* worked himself up into a grandeur of pomposity over the booing of Mr. Bradman at the Oval by the Surrey crowd. The facts of the case are simple. The Australian captain, finding himself short of bowling, decided that in the interests of his team he would prefer that his men should have batting practice, rather than try to win the match. Whereupon the crowd booed. " It was a moment of shame for the Oval," thunders the pontiff of *The Times*. " Any action which Bradman may see fit to take is no business of any other person in the world." Yes, precisely. But the same applies to the Surrey spectator. If he wants to boo, he is entitled to boo. No one complains if he claps.

CIRCUMSTANCES which have nothing to do with you, little reader, induced me to spend last week at Brighton. My main impressions are the beauty of the Regency terraces, especially Brunswick Terrace ; feminine dowdiness ; the general incivility of the populace ; the absence of book-shops ; the delightful reception which I got at the Tennis Court ; the smell of fish ; and the fantastic loveliness of the Pavilion.

The grass garden of James Macdonald of Harpenden has been a feature of the Flower Show for twenty-two years. This year it was designed by J. C. Macdonald, and was one of the exhibits in which the Queen took particular pleasure

Gardens and Gardeners

The Chelsea Flower Show

The most peaceful, beautiful and democratic show of the year ran its course last week beneath the pigeon-haunted trees of the Chelsea Hospital. From J. Pierpont Morgan to the owner of one room and a window-box, the gardeners were all there, to see or to show, until only the flowers had space to breathe. The Children's Garden, with its sandpit, cave and miniature flower-beds; rock-gardens with canyons, torrents and forests to scale; antirrhinums eight feet high; enormous dark velvety gloxinias; strawberry exhibits like flower-stalls—ten thousand lovely, new and curious growing things were brought to Chelsea during those too-short days

Photographs by Baron

The Smugglers' Cave in the Knap Hill Gold Medal Children's Garden (designed by G. K. Maclean)

Getting a tulip exhibition ready

Dressing lupins for their public

Gold Medal Rock-Garden, by A. Gavin Jones

Captain R. C. Jenkinson supervising the planting of the Knap Hill display of rhododendrons and azaleas behind the Children's Garden

Televising flowers: Miss Elizabeth Cowell, Mr. Frederick Grisewood, and Mr. C. H. Middleton, the B.B.C. gardening expert, show a horticultural rarity to the camera

NEWS REEL

. . . From a Personality Point of View

Pinning It On For Charity

Harry Love, guard of the coach Magnet, paid his money to the British Empire Cancer Campaign, and Viscountess Harcourt pinned his blue rose on the lapel of his braided coat. She had a selling stand in Park Lane

Pinning It On For Politics

Henry Hunloke is Conservative candidate in the West Derbyshire by-election, caused by his brother-in-law becoming Duke of Devonshire. His wife, Lady Anne Hunloke, youngest daughter of the late Duke, fixed his rosette for him during a mackintoshed call on Matlock

Auction by Microphone

Beatrice Lillie and Flanagan and Allen Ball, auctioned a picture and a bottle them both to Lord Kemsley. They Cochran revue, "Happy Returns" to do fitting the Queen Victoria Memorial

French Film Visitor

Corinne Luchaire, "direct successor to Greta Garbo," according to Mary Pickford, is in London with father, mother, and brother. Her success in the French film, "Prison Without Bars," brought a shower of contract-offers to this seventeen-year-old blonde. Alexander Korda got her signature, and is to make "Prison Without Bars" at Denham

American Playwright Visitor

Claire Boothe is here to see Jack Buchanan about the London production of her big New York success "Women." She is the wife of Henry Luce, founder and president of Time, Inc., who is this week's "Celebrity in Cameo" (p. 341)

Mrs. Peter Fleming to China, Sir Archi- to fly to Chungking of having accom- to China about which

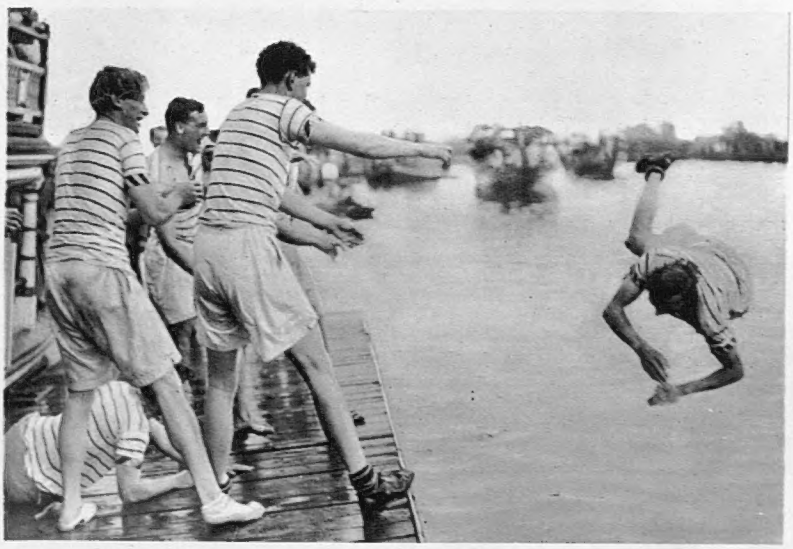
went to the Riviera
of wine, and sold
went on from the
this, thereby bene-
Hospital in Nice

Fashions by Television

Mrs. Julian Huxley, French-Swiss wife of the biologist Secretary of the Zoological Society, commentated on Ascot hats when the B.B.C. chose this controversial fashion subject for television the other day

Baptism in Canterbury Cathedral

The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stevenson was christened at Canterbury Cathedral and received the name Venetia. She also received Mr. Jack Hulbert as a godfather and this is not unnatural, as her father is a director of films for Gaumont-British and her mother is Anna Lee, the film-actress



Baptism in the Isis

Above: the Eton captain and No. 7 of the Trinity boat went into the river after his crew had gone head of it on the last night of Summer Eights at Oxford. It was Trinity's fifth bump that put them into the envied position they haven't held since 1864. The crew was coached by Mr. Haig-Thomas and will go unaltered to Henley

Departure from Hankow

was with Lady Clark Kerr and the British Ambassador bald Clark Kerr, when they left the Consulate at Hankow to present his credentials. Mrs. Fleming is suspected panied her husband on a journey by the Burma Road three articles recently appeared in the "Times"

Departure for Rome

Left: the Earl of Faversham has gone to Rome as head of the British delegation to the International Institute of Agriculture. His sister, Lady Diana Worthington, and his mother, Lady Marjorie Beckett, saw him off at Victoria

Debutante's Flower on the Hat

The two on the right, out shopping together one morning, are Miss Elizabeth Capel-Cure and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior

Social Register

Flowers have hit a new high this year—the top of the hat by day and the top of the head by night, and especially on debutantes' hats and heads. Katharine Moncreiffe (left), Sir David Moncreiffe's sister, had one of the best and earliest dances, at Dudley House

Morning Shopping Faces

A Duchess Among "Aspirations"

Above is the Duchess of Leinster at Peter North's exhibition of camera-portraits, "Aspirations"; every picture is "based on an ambition or desire expressed by the subject"

Below are Lady Anne Elliott and Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley looking at the former's "Aspirations" portrait, for which she chose to appear as an executioner, axe and all

Who Would Be an Executioner?

Young-Marrieds at Polo

Mr. and Mrs. Olof Wijk were watching polo at Roehampton. She was Rosemary Glyn, and he used to be in the 4th Hussars and is now a wine merchant

Engaged Couple in Rome

Miss Mary Purcell-Fitz-Gerald was in Rome with her fiancé, Don Ferdinando d'Ardia Caracciolo; they are being married in July. Her father is Gerald Purcell-Fitz-Gerald, of the Island, Waterford

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 73

Henry Luce

SAVAGE-BROWED, baldish, staccato, slit-eyed Henry Luce is 40-year-old tycoon of alum English. No slouch he. This lapel-holding son of Presbyterian missionaries in China is pitiless probe of personalities, politics, poodle-faking. *Alors, quoi? Alors,* by Hercules, let 's talk French or Greek or Czechoslovakian, or, better still, the King's English, in preference to the wizened Americanese out of which the founder of *Time* has made his million-pound fortune in five years (bidding fair to treble it in the next eighteen months unless the anti-Fascists get control of the U.S. and blow everything sky-high).

FOR you must certainly hand it to Henry Luce that he has axed his own trail through the tropical jungle of journalism instead of following in the crashing wake of Hearst and Pulitzer. Starting with 86,000 dollars' borrowed capital, two typewriters, and a copper cauldron as ash-tray, he has snipped and re-written *Time's* way into an 800,000 circulation, meantime founding *Fortune,* the world's most expensive, pompous and complacent magazine; *Life,* that more lavish American counterpart of the *Weekly Illustrated*; and the *Architectural Forum.* He is now on his fifth visit to London since he spent a year at Oxford as an undergraduate just after the war, where he went to the Union to hear Hore-Belisha but failed to write for me when I was editing the *Isis* (although he had run all the magazines at Yale).

Later he returned, after his "rest cure" as a cub reporter on the *Chicago Daily News,* graduating naturally to crime. One of his assignments was a missing body murder case. He failed to find the corpse. If he had, he might still have been a reporter and there would have been no *Time* to wash dirty linen in public.

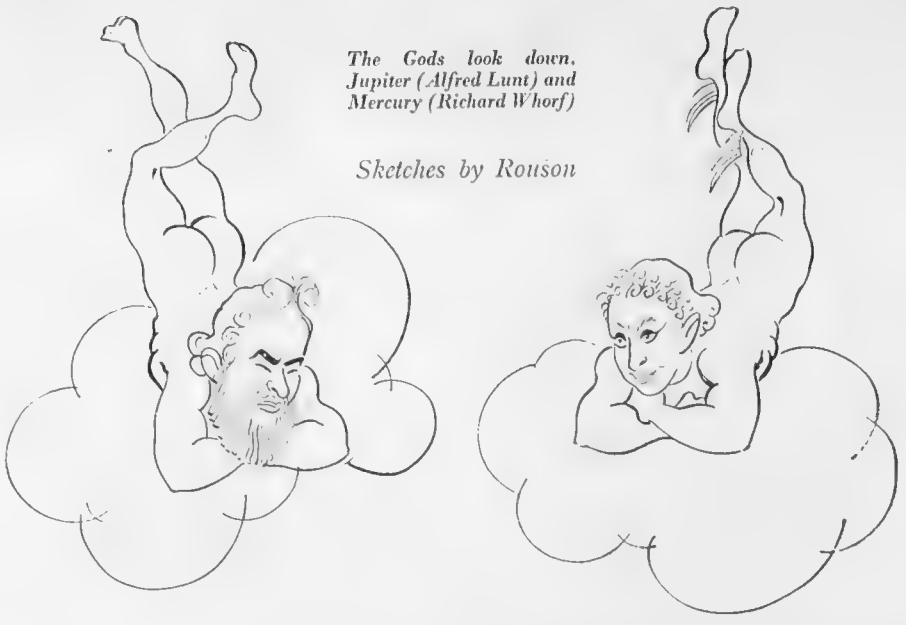
AS it is, he is feared wherever he goes with his very beautiful wife, the former Clare Boothe, authoress of *Women,* the somewhat obstetric play which has reached its 600th performance in New York and is likely to be seen over here if it gets past the Censor. It is safe to say, indeed, that it is only over his wife Henry Luce can ever become sentimental. And one look at him makes you feel that the last thing in the world you 'd like to do, if you valued your health, would be to work for him. Not that he ever expects any of his employees to do anything that he wouldn't do himself. He is in his office at 9.15 a.m., and never gets away until late—much preferring to work to the dead-line in his shirt-sleeves himself than to direct policy by telephone. In the circumstances his health is amazing. He says that he would really like to be ill and have at least a month's rest in hospital. Which goes to show, incidentally, that he never touches wood or is at all superstitious. He sleeps like a top; eats anything; plays tennis rather well; shoots duck, quail and wild turkey on his plantation in South Carolina; has a semi-permanent apartment at the Waldorf and a home at Stamford, just outside New York. He and his wife have both been married before, with a mixed bag of two boys and a girl to their credit.

HENRY LUCE is also a chain-smoker, heart-breakingly punctual, exceedingly idle about his clothes, and unable to forget, when dealing with waiters, that way back in China his father (who founded Pekin University) had half-a-dozen "boys" at his beck and call. As for the rumour that he may run for the White House, well, that 's said of every American who has ever had even a partial business success and can be dismissed as rapidly as he himself would dismiss an inefficient valet. Politically and academically, he sees eye to eye with Mr. Roosevelt's objectives, but not with the way he is trying to carry them out. By the way, he has not yet taken to spectacles, but thinks it is probably time that he did.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon



The Gods look down, Jupiter (Alfred Lunt) and Mercury (Richard Whorf)

Sketches by Rouson

"Amphitryon 38" (Lyric)

SUCH is the fundamental appeal of the legend of Amphitryon, that every generation, or century or so, audiences are presented with the spectacle of a new Jupiter descending from Olympus to deceive a new Alkmena in the guise of her husband, and to compound with her a boy, half god, half mortal, who shall be the wonder of future ages. The latest example set before us has been begotten only a little less curiously than Hercules himself, being produced by New York out of Paris; and a fine, impudent, ironical child it is, nursed deliciously by the Lunts, whose gift for subtle comedy what connoisseur could resist? Before Miss Lynn Fontanne has been on the stage for two minutes, her voice has completely enslaved us, for here is a voice with all the notes in it (instead of just a couple)—a voice to make every English actress (with the exception of Miss Edith Evans) hang her head. For a speaker to pursue the note that will most perfectly express each word is as important as for a writer to pursue the word that will most perfectly express each thought. Our English players take a chance on cadence with the most dismally unilluminating results. A vague impression they may have that there should be a tune, but that they should creatively apply themselves to the composition of that tune never seems to occur to them. And so, year in, year out, whether in Shaftesbury Avenue or the Waterloo Road, it's "Home, Sweet Home" and "God Save the King" and "Three Blind Mice." Let them now to the Lyric to hear what music they are capable of producing if they choose.

LET them listen to the witty musical phrasing of the discussion between the lustful Jupiter and the faithful Alkmena on the nature of the night they have spent together—he, eager to have excelled Amphitryon, pressing for a verdict of unparalleled beauty and passion; she merely summing it up as "connubial." Jupiter's desire to be loved for himself alone, when the only way of compassing his end is by impersonating somebody else, provides a superb playground for satire on the gods. If the last act of Jean Giraudoux's play is something of a defaulter, the quality and culture of the whole are irresistible. After *Idiot's Delight*, the West End has nothing better by a living dramatist to show.

Seduction by Alfred Lunt as Jupiter as Amphitryon, with Lynn Fontanne as complacent Alkmena

MR. ALFRED LUNT'S Jupiter may not compare with Miss Fontanne's Alkmena for finesse, but it is a rich and humorous performance. He gives us a bubble worth pricking, and the collapse is most satisfactory. But better still is Mr. Whorf's Mercury, a keen whiff from Olympus—one can almost smell the morning through his nostrils. I know of no English actor who can approach him for lightness and solidity, unless it be Mr. Leslie French. The excellent décor does credit to the New York Theatre Guild, to whom we are under a debt for this lively-minded entertainment.

Anthony

Mia Slavenska Dances in London Next Week

The Yugoslavian ballerina will be appearing in England for the first time when she appears at the Gala of International Ballet at the Cambridge Theatre on June 9th, although her dancing has already been seen here on the screen—in *La Mort du Cygne*. She comes to London from Monte Carlo, where she has been a guest artist with the Blum-Massine Company. At the Gala she and Anton Dolin will dance the *Blue Bird* pas de deux together. Dolin is directing the Gala, the object of which is to raise funds for a bed at the Mount Vernon Cancer Hospital, to be named after Nijinsky. Markova is going to dance, and Argentinita, and Chandra Kaly, an Indian who has not been seen here before, and the conductors for the evening are Malcolm Sargent, Leighton Lucas and Sidney Beer

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"But Modom looks charming in all of them"

"The Café Communists," remarked the *Evening Standard's* gossip-boy the other day, "are one of the more recent products of our modern social life." And he went on to name one or two well-known Reds-about-town, notably Comrade Gollancz, founder of the Left Book Club, "a staunch Left Wing supporter who lunches each day off the best fare that London can provide," and Comrade Strachey, "a prominent member of the Communist Party, who may from time to time be seen supping in a certain grill-room." We keep trying to imagine the exact rôle of such epicures if and when the Grand Soir breaks, if and when the first rumblings of the Grande Chambardement are heard over London. We think of Camille Desmoulins leaping on a café table to throw leafy badges to the huzzaying mob. We think of Robespierre dining in his restaurant and smashing a plate in his anger at that filthy, slanderous question of Hébert's which nearly wrecked the trial of Marie-Antoinette. For the life of us we can't see the Red habitués of the fashionable restaurants playing any decisive part in a Communist revolution, still less the respectable ladies with private means and artless clergymen who have fallen under their spell. We 've met some of these (there are quite a number of them) and listened to their prattle, and where, we ask ourselves, will they all be when the blood begins to flow? Directing operations? Put against a wall as interfering busybodies? Or just kicked in the pants and shoved aside? Revolutions are generally unfortunate for the booksy boys, however eager. Desmoulins went to the guillotine, like his equally popular fellow-literratoor, the Père Duchesne, and Stalin doesn't seem too keen on the boys, either. The tiger gets easily bored with the baa-ing of his ally the lamb.

So whenever we see one of our wealthier Café Communists doing himself proud in some West End grill, or sweeping past in an expensive car, we put away moody thoughts and murmur pleasantly to ourselves the envoi from one of Chesterton's ballades—

Prince, I can hear the trumpet of Germinal,
The tumbrils toiling up the terrible way;
Even to-day your royal head may fall—
I think I will not hang myself to-day.

Gothick

That decorative, well-known Bloomsbury poet who boasts a title and stalks abroad barefoot and sandalled in a crimson cloak flowing over a crimson toga, with hair worn to his waist, was hauled up at Clerkenwell County Court the other day over a crude matter of rent. When the bailiff called, the poet told the court, he asked him to sit down while he drew "a rough horoscope of the event," and as the horoscope said the bailiff was an angel in disguise, "I did not resist his demands as I should otherwise have done." One of our many complaints against the Machine Age is that eccentrics are becoming as rare as hippogriffs in our drab social uniformity. Fifty years ago London was as bristling with pleasing grotesques as a Gothic cathedral with gargoyles. To-day you see the same blank face ("Once seen, never remembered," as Wilde said) under the same bowler or soft hat, repeated ad infinitum in a deathly monotone, and even sahibs on leave, who very sensibly come out in a linen suit during a heat-wave, are gaped at by the sweating populace as if they were fabulous. We admit you can still see occasional odd shapes slinking round Bloomsbury, but they 're terribly self-conscious, and more sinister than jovial. As for Chelsea, where Wilde not so long ago paraded in a frogged green velvet jacket with a fur cap ("A mixture of Kossuth and Mr. Mantalini," said Whistler, whose own dressy style favoured the Baroque), it 's as dull nowadays as Upper Norwood. The Machine has steadily crushed out individualism in town as in country, where any rich, quaint, earthy character in a bar-parlour turns out generally to be a novelist from Kensington in search of copy, whiskers by Gustave.

"Ratcliffe spoke lightly of a woman's name, Sir!"

Légionnaire

Whatever the French Government may do with its honours at home—you know the description of the Average Frenchman, "a gentleman with a decoration who eats a great deal of bread and knows no geography"?—it is admittedly chary of bestowing them on foreigners, for which reason the recent admission to the Légion d'Honneur of Chevalier C. R. W. ("Richard") Nevinson can hardly raise a single eyebrow, except among those who have been maimed or slain at one time or another by Mr. Nevinson's redoubtable rapier. He deserves his decoration not only for distinction as an artist—his series of war pictures in France, for one thing, are notable, and if Papa Joffre presented his "Passchendaele Ridge" to the French Government it was as much for the picture's own qualities as for the fact that it also commemorates Haig's supreme bloomer—but because he has done a great deal to disconnect contemporary French Art with the idea of dirty postcards in the mind of the British art-loving public. Richard Nevinson is one of the very few British artists received by the Royal Academy of whom Montparnasse (of which he is an old citizen) speaks with approval, as we

have discovered. You need to hear a Parisian art-snob talking of the Anglo-Saxon contribution to painting generally to know what that means.

The Légion ribbon has a practical value. We once travelled with a Frenchman living in England who surprised us as the boat drew into Calais by producing a pair of nail-scissors, snipping a bit off a length of scarlet ribbon, and fixing it in his hitherto-naked buttonhole. " Nous sommes en France," he said. A few minutes later, watching him stroll through the Customs with a genial wave of the hand, we realised what a bit of ribbon can do. (But don't let them catch you wearing it if you aren't entitled so to do, unless you like their penal system.)

Laurel

No tribute to the late Steve Fairbairn was more impressive than that of Mr. Hamish Hamilton, the eminent publisher, who treated Auntie *Times's* readers to a vivacious essay on the Fairbairn Style of Rowing. " Concentrate on kicking the blade through square and true, with a good ' bell-note.' The rest can wait," was Fairbairn's gospel, which stinks in the nostrils of many " orthodox " rowing men. No bishop addicted to Voodoo could evoke more heat and blame, and as most " orthodox " rowing men cracked their passionate hearts in the heart-whole abandon of youth—not to speak of contracting several dangerous lésions, such as that of Boffin's Duct No. 5, and sometimes curvature of the spine—this irritation cannot be good either for their families, their women attendants, or their medical advisers. We should have liked Mr. Hamilton to deal with the influence of the Fairbairn Style on the after-life of rowing men. Fairbairn taught his pupils to row in the way that came most easily to them (barring, possibly, holding the oar by the blade end, or standing up to it à la Venetienne), and this must affect the outlook of rowing men considerably. Moreover, do Old Blue clergymen trained by Fairbairn dance and howl on Oxford towpaths like the other kind, exuding what Max Beerbohm called " that air of breezy emancipation so distressing to the laity " ? Mr. Hamilton, we thought, might also have touched on this. We 're not crabbing his essay, however. It was absorbing reading.

Sweet

A new variety of deep dark-red rose, with large dark-green leaves, has been named " C. H. Middleton " by a poetic Colchester rose-grower, after Mr. C. H. Middleton, the B.B.C.'s gardening expert ; which draws attention once more to the exquisite fancy of rose-growers and their gift for naming roses, which must be perfect agony and death to the Nichols-Winn-Ashcroft school of floral yearners. And, indeed, it would be difficult, as Sir Thomas Browne would agree, for one lying in Cleopatra's bed to summon up the ghost of the Rev. Elijah Burping, or Frau Erda Grüntz, or Mrs. H. J. Gowle. We tackled a nurseryman on the subject of the floral sob-sisterhood recently (this fragrant racket is growing enormously, and almost every paper now carries a heart-break expert who requires an olde-worlde garden to dream in), but got very little out of him except dour grunts and enigmatic sniffs. What we wanted to know was why professional rose-growers weren't cutting-in on a profitable racket—one of the boys makes £6000 a year at it—and getting somebody to emotionalise their catalogues, which are as prosaic and dry as if selling roses were selling cheese or scrap-iron. The professionals seem to prefer holding themselves stiffly aloof from this dainty movement. Perhaps they 're afraid the flowers would mock them ? Even a dog-rose may turn out to be a bitch-rose, as Vernon Bartlett discovered down in Surrey recently, when he tried shyly to interest his flowers in the Rome-Berlin axis.

Seckerterry

Like the Aged Turk who bobs up once a week in Anatolia, aged 125, the Perfect Secretary is becoming quite a regular Press feature. Practically every big-business man who retires or makes a will nowadays possesses the Perfect Secretary (or Seckerterry, as some magnates prefer it) and acknowledges it with emotion. Generally the Perfect Secretary is a woman in appearance and a precise, metallic Voice on the 'phone, saying Mr. Gugnunk is in conference and it 's quite, quite impossible to get him (not that anybody could ever seriously want to). As a personality we prefer the kind of secretary a man we know once possessed—a wildish, red-eyed Nordic, who spent his first day reciting snatches of Sappho, telling important people on the 'phone to go to hell, tearing up all correspondence unopened, beating business-callers with his fists and thrusting them out, and generally defending his employer with dog-like devotion against what turned out to be a world-conspiracy to do him down, headed by Charlie Chaplin, the Empress Theodosia, Washington, Abdul the Damned, and the premier-adjoint to the Maire of Fouilly-les-Oies (Aisne). (Added to which he had to keep a wary sidelong eye on a little brown bear with silver bells all over its tail [Ursulus campanocaudatus], which kept skating rapidly up the curtains when it thought he wasn't looking.) When he spoke of Charlie Chaplin's part in fomenting world-opinion against his loved employer, his voice quivered and his eyes glowed like hot coals. He was fired within 48 hours, reciting Collins's ode, " How Sleep the Brave ! " with tears of genuine feeling. We haven't invented him.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Must we have post-mortems after every round ? "

Twelve Debutantes of This Season

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Felicity Cross

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Cross, of Catthorpe Manor, Rugby; was presented by her mother at the Second Court; is having her dance in Stanhope Gate on June 21st; hunts with the Pytchley

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Nadine Pilcher

Is the only daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Cecil Pilcher, of 11, Wilton Place, S.W.1, and great-granddaughter of Aristides Moraitinis, a former Regent of Greece; was presented by her mother on May 11th, and is having a dance with a cotillon early in July

Lenare

Miss Katharine Usher

Is the elder daughter of Colonel Sir John and Lady Usher, of Hallrule, Hawick, Roxburghshire; is being presented at a July Court. The Usher family place is Wells, near Hawick; they also have a London flat in Mayfair Court, Stratton Street

Pearl Freeman

Miss Mary Percy

Mary Edith Percy is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Eustace Percy and a cousin of the Duke of Northumberland; was born in 1919. Her father has been Rector of the Newcastle Division of Durham University since last year, and lives in Newcastle. He was President of the Board of Education for five years

Hay Wrightson

The Lady Sarah Savile

Lady Sarah Savile is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, of Methley Park, Leeds, and Arden Hall, Helmsley, Yorkshire; her mother gave a coming-out dance for her on May 16th; has three sisters and one brother, Viscount Pollington, who are all married

Tunbridge

Miss Mia Macklin

Is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. N. Macklin, of Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey; was presented in May. Is a skating star, was a gold medallist at thirteen, reserve in England's Olympic team in 1936, and will be a World Championship competitor next year

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Patricia Smiles

Is the only daughter of Sir Walter Smiles, M.P., and Lady Smiles, of Portavo Point, Co. Down, and 34, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, and great-granddaughter of Samuel ("Self-Help") Smiles; was presented in May; has been abroad for two years studying languages; like her father, counts yachting her favourite sport

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Marigold Bonham-Carter

Is the youngest daughter of Major Bonham-Carter, and Mrs. Auriol Gaselee; was presented by her aunt, Mrs. Stuart Bonham-Carter, at the Second Court

Saska

Miss Pamela Payne

Is the daughter of Mrs. L. Gillson, granddaughter of Sir Louis Stirling; her aunt, Lady Stanton Wood will present her; her dance is in July

Lenare

The Lady Patricia French

Lady Patricia French is the only daughter of the Earl of Ypres, born in 1919; she was presented at the Second Court by Mrs. Harry Schofield. Her mother died in 1934. She has one brother, Viscount French, who will be seventeen this year. She is a cousin of Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Mrs. Essex Drury

Lenare

The Lady Bridget Elliot

Is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto, is one of the seventeen-year-old debutantes and one of the beauties of the year; is half-Canadian, as Lady Minto was Marion Cook, of Montreal. Her father owns Minto House, Hawick, and Lochgelly, Fifeshire

Harlip

Miss Vivien Martin Smith

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everard Martin Smith of Codicote Lodge, Hitchin, and sister of golfer Eric Martin Smith; her mother gives a dance for her this month

Films of the Day

Spencer Tracy Walks Away With It

By George Campbell

I USED to think that Gary Cooper was the finest actor on the screen. Now I am not so sure. Spencer Tracy's performance in *Test Pilot* has shaken me. In picture after picture Mr. Tracy has shown an unerring flair for characterisation, high intelligence, a delightful sense of humour and a nonchalant but none the less impressive mastery of the technique of his job. His roles have ranged from the gangster of *Quick Millions* to the young padre of *San Francisco* and the Portuguese fisherman of *Captains Courageous*—this last a magnificent feat of acting, even if Mr. Tracy's homely, freckled Irish face looks about as Portuguese as Garbo's.

But the part he plays best is that of the ordinary American. Unlike most famous character actors, he needs no elaborate make-up. He relies on no eccentricities of character or manner. The sane, healthy, likeable young business man, or chauffeur or soldier—Mr. Tracy can play him perfectly straight and yet give him individuality, make him a real human being remembered long after the grotesques of Karloff and the clever arabesques of Frank Morgan are forgotten. He has everything that a first-class actor needs. His face is marvellously expressive. His voice has character and colour. He can point a funny line or punch home an emotional one without moving a finger or batting an eyelash. Above all, he has sincerity. The man's artistic integrity never fails. Even in a trashy melodrama like *Big City*, which reduced so gifted a performer as Luise Rainer to bathos, Mr. Tracy emerged with head bloodied but unbowed. In a welter of sentimental hokum his taxi driver remained credible and real.

IN *Test Pilot* he is superb. At a rough guess I should say that his mechanic has about half as much dialogue as the pilot (Clark Gable), and the heroine (Myrna Loy); yet, finely as they act, it is Tracy who walks away with the picture. The expert craftsman lovingly surveying his masterpiece, the loyal colleague trying to protect the wild young pilot from booze and women, the cynic dismissing the existence of Miss Loy without uttering a word, the idealist hiding his feelings beneath a mask of toughness, half in love, perhaps, with his friend's wife—Mr. Tracy passes from one motif to the other, runs up and down the emotional scale, with the skill of a master violinist. Taking into account the fact that he is equally accomplished on the stage, I dare say it would not be extravagant to suggest that there is no better actor in the world.

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy in "Test Pilot"

Clark Gable gives one of his best performances in the high-flying film which went to the Empire ten days ago, but that doesn't prevent Spencer Tracy from stealing the picture from him and Myrna Loy. Tracy is ground mechanic to Gable's dare-devil air ace, and he is also his best friend until Gable marries Miss Loy. But the aeroplane motif is twice as good as the human, thanks to Karlovich's montage, and includes a wing-breaking power dive, a race while afire, the crash of a flying hotel from 30,000 ft.

"TEST PILOT" is a film worth seeing. In places it is over-written, but it packs an emotional wallop that has to be experienced to be believed. The scenes in which the pilot deliberately tears 'planes to pieces to test their safety limit, the race with the 'plane on fire and the last crash with trees going down like skittles before the terrific impact—nothing so good of their kind has been seen since *Hell's Angels*.

The acting is first-class throughout. Clark Gable, ordinarily rather shallow and brassy, plays the temperamental pilot with a sense of light and shade quite new to him; and Myrna Loy, as his wife, proves herself a highly competent dramatic actress. Of the minor parts two are played brilliantly—the landlady of Marjorie Wain, who will be remembered as the gangster's embittered mother in *Dead End*, and the wife of the airman who is killed, made infinitely pitiful by Gloria Holden.

ANNABELLA is charming and William Powell one of the best comedians on the screen, but against the futility of *The Baroness and the Butler* they wrestle and are thrown. The central idea isn't at all bad. The butler who takes up politics and brings about the defeat of his employer the Prime Minister obviously had comic possibilities. Unfortunately, what should have been a satiric drawing-room comedy hovers uneasily between sentimentality and farce. As for the dialogue, I could follow very little of what Annabella said, and what I did catch seemed bad. As an example of the general incompetence of the production, that admirable comedian, Nigel Bruce, is thrown away on the part of a burlesque guardsman.

WILL HAY is a talented character-comedian. Given the right material and direction he might be something between W. C. Fields and Frank Morgan. The one certain way of killing him with the public is to keep serving up the crook stuff we have had from him before. If his best friend won't tell him, this department feels in duty bound to point out that *Convict* 99 won't do.

Portrait of Viscountess FitzHarris

Lady FitzHarris is the fair, attractive wife of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury's son, whom she married in 1932. They live at the Old Rectory, Winchfield, Hants, and have two daughters, Sylvia, aged four, and Nell, born last year. Both her and her husband's families belong to Hampshire. Lord Malmesbury's place is Hurn Court, Christchurch, where he owns about 4000 acres and a fine collection of pictures; Lord and Lady Dorchester, Lady FitzHarris's parents, live quite close to her near Basingstoke, and also have a house in Cowes. Her younger sister, Lorraine Carleton, is a debutante this year, and is studying music at the R.C.M. in London

Who first made it a family affair?

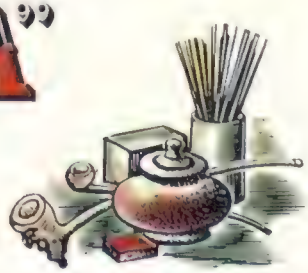
LE DEJEUNER
PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR, (1841-1919). STÄDELSCHES KUNSTINSTITUT, FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN

Who first brought smoking out of the den, or the sanctuary of the smoking-room, and put ash trays in the drawing-room, a cigarette box on the dining-room table? May we not fairly suspect some less eminent Victorian? For that was the time when smoking became a family affair. In that most Victorian, most family, of books, Alice in Wonderland, even the caterpillar smoked. In France, too, the French began to call the dinner jacket "le smoking." Whoever it was who first passed round the dinner table those little harbingers of pleasure—cigarettes—brought a new comfort and joy, new opportunities for hospitality into the family circle.

CRAVEN "A"

CORK TIPPED

This Century's Good Cigarette



CARRERAS GIVE YOU SMOKING: CRAVEN "A". CRAVEN PLAIN CIGARETTES. CRAVEN MIXTURE TOBACCO

Norman Parkinson

The Lady Pamela Berry

Where political, journalistic and socialite circles meet, Lady Pamela, with her lovely features, eyes, slender, tapering hands, is one of the most decorative of the young-marrieds. Younger daughter of the first Earl of Birkenhead, sister of the second and of novelist Lady Eleanor Smith, she married her brother's brother-in-law in 1936, the year after his wedding to Sheila Berry. The Hon. Michael Berry, her husband, is Lord Camrose's second son, and a director of the "Financial Times." They have one son, Adrian Michael, born last year, and live in Cadogan Place. Lady Pamela Berry is one of the Marquesa de Casa Maury's committee of three (the other is Lady Victor Paget) which is organising the première at the Curzon, June 8th, of the new Charles Boyer film, *Orage*, as a Feathers Club Gala

The theatre's outline has changed with the latest enlargements

Mr. Deinster-Curtis Herbert on the daisy-

Glyndebourne

The Opening Night of the Opera Festival in Sussex

A party of ten picnicked pleasantly and economically in a field

Below left: Marione Stabile, the Italian singer, who is a member of the opera company, was free to go to "Macbeth" with his wife and daughter, Wistaria

Below: another Glyndebourne artist who was in the audience (and wore a beret in the intervals) was Salvatore Baccaloni; his wife is with him

and Mrs. A. P. studded lawn

Lady Dashwood and Lord Romilly hurry back from the garden

Miss Olga Lynn was there to hear "Macbeth"

Mr. Sidney Beer and Mrs. Richard Tauber arrived in the five o'clock sunshine

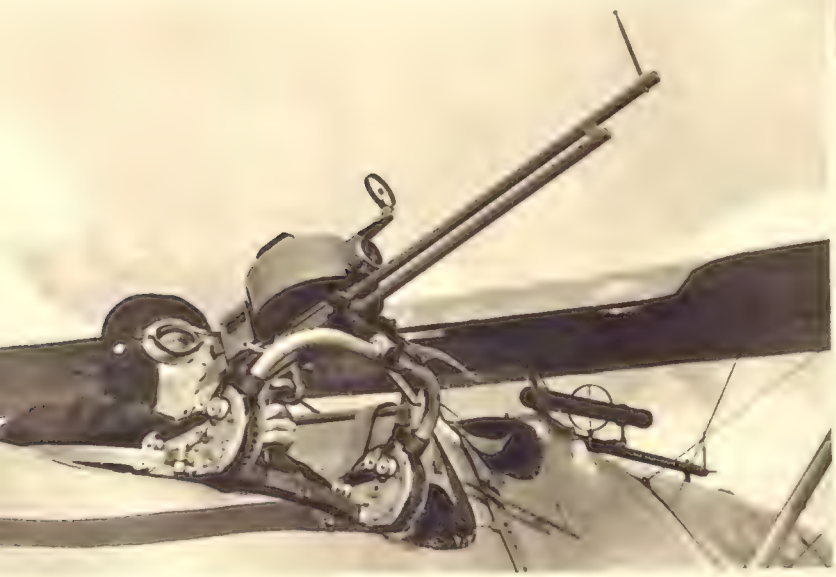
The fifth opera season at Glyndebourne opened at five-fifteen on a lovely May evening with Verdi's *Macbeth*. The sun shone on the garden and wide lawns, the clear green of the beeches and the smooth Sussex Downs, but a cold wind ruffled the fur coats incongruously dotted among the flower beds during intervals. For the first time another composer besides Mozart appears on the Glyndebourne programme; *Macbeth*, which has never been given in England before, was chosen as the opera "which should lead the development from the repertory based solely on Mozart." The result is a superb production musically and theatrically. Towards the end of the seven-weeks' Festival, a second work is being added to the repertoire—Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*

The waterside quartet are Mrs. Baxter Black, Miss M. Winter, Mrs. Neville Smith, Mr. Richard Powell

With the Services (No. 15)

The Auxiliary Air Force

The Territorial Air Force is a term equally inacceptable to flyers and etymologists, nevertheless it is the term which most readily describes the nineteen units of the Auxiliary Air Force. Number 601, the County of London Fighter Squadron, was formed at Northolt in August 1925, and is one of the oldest units. The Honorary Air Commodore is Sir Philip Sassoon, who was the Squadron Leader from 1929 to 1931. Headquarters is at Hendon Aerodrome, and the aircraft in use is the Hawker Demon (Rolls-Royce engine). These pictures of No. 601 Squadron, Auxiliary Air Force, were taken for the "Bystander" by Charles E. Brown, the best-known air photographer of to-day



***Corporal Lamb** is the senior air gunner of No. 601 Squadron*

***Ground training** includes overhauling guns*

***Ground training** also includes overhauling the whole: pausing, above, to watch two Demons land*

***Above** is a nasty sight, in war : as it is, the weapon pointing straight at you is only a camera - gun*

***This group** of officers of No. 601 Squadron outside the hangar consists of Pilot Officer Riddle, Flying Officer Michael Peacock, Pilot Officer Green, Flying Officer Foley, Pilot Officer Cleaver, Flying Officer the Hon. Max Aitken, Flight Lieut. Roger Bushell, Flight Lieut. John Peel (Adjutant), Squadron Leader Brian Thynne (in Command) and Pilot Officer Hubbard*

***Highly vulnerable,** this is the sort of country the 601st has to defend : the squadron over Dockland*

"Wild Oats": a Moral Tale at the Princes

The Cloppit Family at Cricket: *nephew Willie (Arthur Riscoe) bowls at his aunt Maria (Vera Pearce) with Uncle Samuel (Sydney Howard) as wicket-keeper. This peaceful Yorkshire life is broken up by the winning of a football pool*

The Road to Ruin: *nephew and uncle, the latter extravagantly pearl-studded, set off on a journey of dissipation, cigars, champagne and money-spending. But the night-club "Blue Devil" is raided, so they each adopt a—*

In a simple form these illustrations tell the immoral tale of two prodigals who waste a great deal of substance in a short space of time, then return to live on the fatted calf at a roadhouse. The tale is told more elaborately at the Princes Theatre by Douglas Furber, with Noel Gay's lively music in the hands of Debroy Somers, and the prodigals played by Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce. It is not, however, the tale that matters, but the elaboration. The fooling and the dressing-up, the singing and the dancing are all of a high standard and a high polish. The chorus is attractive and well-drilled. The humour has its roots in the pub and not in the roadhouse. *Wild Oats* is now in its eighth week

Carnival in the Alps: *uncle and nephew find mountaineering a complicated game, and their high spirits dwindle with their money. Vivienne, the Swiss beauty above, is Josephine Houston*

—**Disguise** *to escape the police. Riscoe: "Do you work?" Howard: "No; I don't have to. My husband is British Consul in Hampstead"*

Reunion at the Folies Bergére: *Mr. Cloppit, doing the Paris round, is amazed to recognise Mrs. Cloppit as a Folies star. Nephew Cloppit irreverently uncurls a paper snake at his befeathered aunt*

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

Tribulation in Bibbi Abbouba: *hitting the financial rocks a nasty crack the Cloppits ricochet into the Foreign Legion. Aunt Maria mysteriously is there too, a buxom vivandière*

Return of the Prodigals: *singing their way home, nephew and uncle serenade a Yorkshire roadhouse. This in their absence has been bought by Maria Cloppit, transformed from "Mucky Duck" (pub) into "Black Swan" (roadhouse). So they find shelter at last*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Ben Travers, the Name that Hallmarks Farces

By taking a small part and earning a few extra weekly guineas to add to author's royalties, Ben Travers gives his audience at *Banana Ridge* a chance to see the man whose name to a farce is its best recommendation. But as he plays a jabbering Malay at the Strand, you would do better to fix your impressions from this picture, for Ben Travers is an old Carthusian and (naturally) a golfer as well as a cricketer and altogether very English. Like most English dramatists, Travers has adapted a play from the Hungarian (*The Three Graces*), but he got it over early and settled down last decade to write the best of modern farces for the Walls-Lynn-Hare team (of lamented memory) in which each actor was served to the best in situation and dialogue. Most famous of the Aldwych farces were *Rookery Nook* and *Thark* but they only led the others by short heads. Films have been made of many. Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare, the two baldpates on whom the Aldwych mantle falls, are as well served as the others. Travers is married and lives in Somerset and rarely steps into publicity's light

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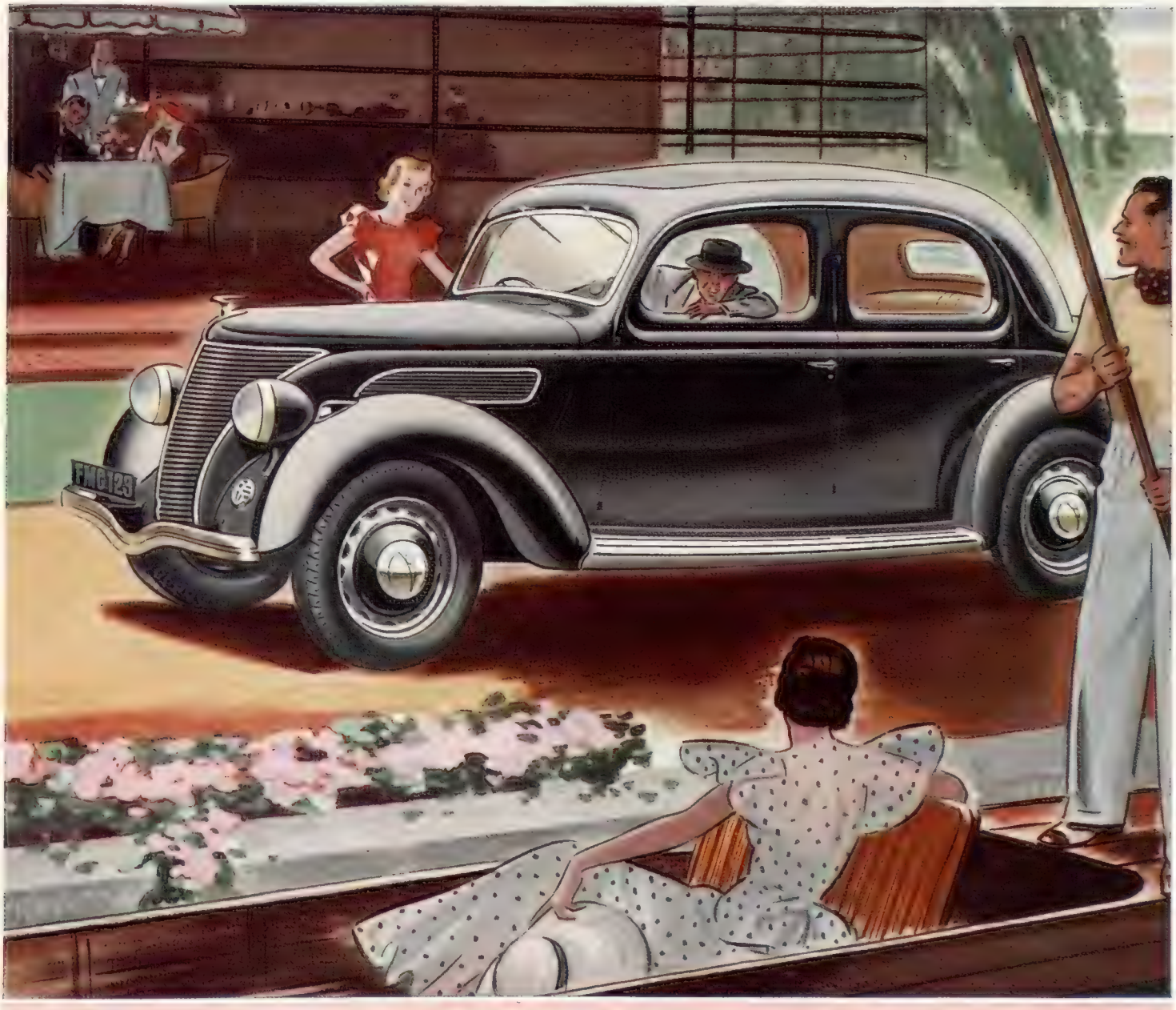

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* A Fijian friend tells us that Kava is distilled from the rather stringy leaves and tough roots of the Pepper Plant; and the flavour is raw and a bit chancy. No wonder the local war dance gets distinctly ragged when Schweppes is not forthcoming.

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 141

Clairvoyante

By Peter Coats

Illustration by Joan Kiddell-Monroe

She was a little woman, like a bird—with glass-buttons for eyes and hair that shone dark green under her heavily-shaded electric-lamp. She wore the clothes that people expect fortune-tellers to wear—scarves, spangles, scarlet handkerchiefs, and ear-rings. But when she went out shopping or to the pictures she wore a grey tweed coat with a squirrel collar and a grey woolly cap that she had knitted herself. She never wore colours out of working hours. Her hands were small and never quite clean. She bit her nails. She was called Madame Astra and her name was Stella Bates.

She paid £50 a year for a room in a Bayswater basement and her work brought her in about £160 a year. In one way and another, what with the gas and the light and keeping her room neat and bright, she never seemed to have any money in the bank. But her work was fairly regular, and as money came in she spent it, or sent it to her son out East. She was never ill, and she had decided that the future must look after itself.

By introducing one or two homely maxims into the advice she gave her clients, she felt that she made her trade a little more respectable. Often in speeding a parting client she would repeat one of her favourites: "Help others—help yourself . . . that will be five shillings, please."

And the clients would depart, feeling that it was no waste of money to pay for such comfortable advice and, above all, for having the privilege to talk about themselves for an hour on end.

Most of Stella's clients were women, and these had only one subject of discussion apart from themselves—namely, the immorality of their husbands. This was a topic about which Stella could be most sympathetic, for, years before, she herself had been married and deserted within a space of two years. The only legacy of her short married life was Bill—who now had a job in the Anglo-Persian and whom she had not seen for two years. He was due home soon for six weeks' leave.

Sometimes, during her work, she would suddenly remember that it would not be long before she would have Bill back. Then her heart would leap in a way that she had never felt before and tears would sting her eyes. And she would shake her head as if to wake up from a dream and laugh at herself.

"My Bill will be back soon," she would say brightly to an uninterested audience. Her clients did not want to hear about any Bills, except their own, if they had one.

Only a few men came to see her. Of these, one was her favourite. She called him Freddy (she often did not know, or seek to know, the surnames of her clients). In appearance he was a bit like Bill—though grander, of course. He had money, Stella thought, for he was always smartly dressed, with tall white collars and a carnation in his button-hole. He drove a long, black sports car, and Stella was always pleased when she answered the telephone and heard what she called his B.B.C. voice asking for an appointment.

When Freddy left her, an expensive smell of hair-oil and Turkish cigarettes hung about her room. He came often, for he was always falling in and out of love, and he was the kind of young man who took such things very seriously.

Lately, Freddy's love-affairs had achieved a certain degree of order. One girl, Nina, was paramount in his affections and they looked like getting engaged to be married. Nina had come once to see Stella, but they had taken an instant dislike to each other. Stella thought her stuck-up, with her mink coat and orchids, and when she read her hand had not been able to "get" her at all. So Nina had only been told a lot of conventional nonsense about "dark strangers," "journeys across water," and "nights spent in strange beds." Indeed, she had found Stella's harping on the latter subject almost insulting, and had cut her short with an insolent query as to how much she charged for telling people all that stuff.

One morning, when Stella had been thinking more than usual about Bill—it was not six weeks till he was due home, and she had just posted him all her available money to help him with his fare—Freddy appeared. He had not asked for an appointment and was looking pale and untidy. He had blue circles under his eyes and was almost in tears.

Stella made him sit down and asked him if he would like a cup of tea as she was getting one for herself. He said he would, and when she gave it to him he gulped it down and then lit one of his own cigarettes. After puffing at it nervously for a few moments he stubbed it out on an ash-tray which bore a picture of Mickey Mouse. Then, rather incoherently, he told his story.

Nina wanted to break their engagement. She was in love with a foreigner—an Italian count—and wanted to marry him. The position had looked pretty hopeless until Nina had suddenly exclaimed, while describing the charms of her Italian:

"Why, that's what your fortune-teller told me, and I thought she was talking bunk! I'll go and see her in the morning and see if she can tell me some more."

That, went on Freddy nervously, was why he was there. Stella must only pretend to read Nina's hand and advise her against marrying the foreigner. She was very superstitious and would certainly listen to what she was told. It was a chance. Stella *must* do that for him. . . .

He was in a terrible state and lit

Concluded on page 362

Clairvoyante *(Continued from page 361)*

cigarette after cigarette, throwing them away after a puff or two into the ash-tray and into the empty fireplace. All the time he kept his blue eyes, which were slightly bloodshot through lack of sleep and too many whiskies and sodas, fixed beseechingly on Stella's face.

Stella hesitated. To " fake " a consultation was against the etiquette of her trade. She had never even thought of doing it before. Besides, it was dangerous. Fortune-telling itself was, technically, against the law, and twice she had had what she called " truck " with the police. Both times she had got off with a caution. That Nina was a hard nut, she thought. Suppose she twigged and turned nasty? She could not do with any trouble—not with Bill coming home.

But Freddy was insistent. She must help him, he pleaded, and he grasped her hands in his. Something about them reminded Stella of Bill—though Freddy's hands were soft and white, and Bill's were hard and red.

" All right," she said at last. " When is she coming? "

Freddy's relief was pathetic and he suddenly became overwhelmed with shyness, as if he realised what he had asked her to do.

" I say, will you really? " he stammered, and then, " Nina will be here any minute now, and it would spoil everything if she found me here."

He thanked her, and as he hurried from the room he stooped and kissed Stella on the cheek. His face smelled faintly of lavender and his breath of whisky. Stella did not mind. Soon it would be Bill who was kissing her cheek and putting his arms round her. And once more her heart gave that curious little leap which sometimes frightened her.

After he had gone Stella quickly hid his tea-cup and emptied the Mickey Mouse ash-tray. Then she opened the window to let out Freddy's tobacco-smoke. Afterwards she stood there for a minute or two, watching the hurrying feet of the passers-by. It was not long before a taxi drew up and she saw Nina get out and come carefully down the area steps. She noticed that her heels were at least three inches high. Stella moved away from the window and waited for her bell to ring. She was feeling a little faint.

The consultation started well. Nina listened attentively while her hand was read and her cards told. Finally, she asked if Stella would use the crystal. She set great store by that, apparently.

Stella made her points cleverly and without exaggerating. As she stared into the round glass ball that was growing misty with the heat of Nina's thin, warm hands, she could see Bill's face grinning at her from under a pith-helmet. And all the time she heard her own voice saying:

" There is a dark man in your life—he might be a foreigner. Southern, he looks. He 's a bad hat. If you follow him it will bring you unhappiness. He 's not after you, but what you have got. I see it ever so——"

Suddenly Nina's hands clenched round the crystal. Stella looked up in surprise. She was looking at the grate, where lay two or three cigarette-ends. With a quick movement Nina stooped and picked one up.

" Freddy gave me those," began Stella nervously. " Ever so nice of him, wasn't it? Seen him lately, Miss Nina? "

Nina got up and let the crystal drop on to the floor. Stella was surprised to see it bounce a little. Then it rolled under her bed and out of sight.

" Freddy was here this morning," said Nina, her face pale. " He put you up to all this. You tried to cheat me. All that bunk about dark strangers! I 'll show you! "

Suddenly losing control, she swept the cards on to the floor and her voice grew shriller.

" I 'll show you! I 'll never see Freddy again! I 'll marry Carlo to-morrow! As for you—I 'll report you! I know fortune-telling with a crystal is illegal! I 'll report you, and I hope they 'll put you in prison! "

And, snatching up her bag, she ran out of the room. After she had gone Stella stood quite still. She felt very cold. She had had two cautions already. You never got a third. Three weeks in prison or a fine of £25. She knew the law. She had not got £25, because she had just sent all her money to Bill to help him with his fare home. He would be getting home in a few weeks now. She would not be able to meet him—she would be in prison. Suddenly she dropped on her knees.

" Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! " she whispered. And after she had cried a little she started to pick up the cards which lay scattered on the worn carpet.

THE END.

GOLF CLUBS

One hundred and twenty years ago at St. Andrews a firm was started to manufacture the things necessary for the game of golf. The name of the firm was Forgan. To-day, Forgan's are still in business and their long experience makes them one of the most reliable manufacturers of clubs and balls and caddie bags.

They have specialised in thoughtful construction, so that in using Forgan clubs a golfer is not only sure of having good material but of having correct shape and scientific balance. With the increasing length of the modern ball, this is more important than ever. Of course, the House of Forgan also turns out an excellent line in umbrellas, ball-cleaners, head-covers, and so on.

Young-Marrieds: Wedding and Home-Comings

Mr. and Mrs. George Mercer-Nairne

George Mercer-Nairne, Lady Violet Astor's son, was married in California and has just arrived back with his wife at his home in Scotland; he is the Laird of Meikleour, near Blairgowrie, Perthshire. Mrs. Mercer-Nairne was Barbara Chase, of Hope Ranch, California

Capt. Richards and Miss Spencer-Nairn

Captain Ronald Richards, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Harold Richards, and Mrs. Stubbs, and Kathleen Matilda Spencer-Nairn, eldest daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Spencer-Nairn, of Leslie House, Fife, were married at Christ's Kirk on the Green, Leslie

Viscount and Viscountess Anson

Lord and Lady Anson arrived at Southampton last week from their honeymoon. Lord Anson, the Earl of Lichfield's son, is in the Grenadier Guards; his wife was Anne Bowes-Lyon, and is the daughter of the late Hon. John Bowes-Lyon, and a niece of the Queen

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Mixed Bag

By Alan Thomas

MR. MARK BENNEY, author of that remarkable book *Low Company*, has now made his second appearance on the literary stage with *The Scapegoat Dances* (Peter Davies; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The scene is Soho and the company as low as ever. Solman, whose three years and nine months of penal servitude had resolved precisely nothing, emerges from prison to face an alien world: what prospect is there of his fitting in? How is he to "get the prison out of his system"? And, more particularly, how is he to free himself of what is known in psychological jargon as "the repetition-compulsion"? That is, the urge which some people have to seek to experience again the sense of pain and frustration they have been through in some previous agony. This is the theme which underlies the book, the problem that Solman, in his wanderings through the underworld, is ever trying to solve. For a sensitive man like Solman the problem is probably insoluble—though in the last sentence of the book we are given a hint that happiness may yet be his. Meanwhile, as we follow his story, we are introduced to a number of typical figures the likes of whom an observant eye may pick out on the streets of the West End and in the cafés of Soho—people like Barney, the fence; Moonshine, the young burglar-poet; Tink, his sister; Doc Abrams, a grand character whom everybody loved as much for himself as for the illegal operations he performed; Behemoth Brandon, whose immoral earnings kept him well equipped in natty gents' suitings and pungent hair-oil; Arthur, who kept a drinking-club in Shaftesbury Avenue; and others. The scenes and characters are vividly, authentically portrayed—the more so when Mr. Benney forgets his erudition. A collection of words like inenarrable, autophagous, icteritious, mysophilous and systole, strikes a slightly self-conscious note. Nor do the descriptive passages reach the level of *Low Company*. But the book as a whole—in spite of its loose structure—is immensely readable.

EDITH BLAIKLEY'S novel, *Lady Springmead* (Secker; 6*s.*), may be enjoyed in spite of defects and occasional amateurishness of style. The story is a very simple one indeed. My Lord Springmead, who has been making pointed advances to my Lady Marian, suddenly finds himself knocked head over heels in love—with a water-sprite. Her name is Naiada, and she is as beautiful and charming as she is trustful and ingenuous. She falls as easily and quickly for Hubert as she must have fallen at one time or another over the parental waterfall: and in spite of all that Lady Marian—a woman with very little knowledge of masculine reactions—can do to stem love's torrent, Naiada and Hubert are very soon married. Not unexpectedly, the young bride's "people" seize the earliest opportunity—in the shape of a flooded field—of taking their revenge, and Hubert being drowned, Naiada is left high and dry, comforted only by the devoted servants. There it is, then—a fanciful piece, verging now and then on the pretty-pretty, and lacking the imaginative power which would have clothed Naiada with a real sense of mystery. As it is, it is hard to believe in her as anything more than a pretty and very simple-minded village maiden possessed of winning ways and a cheerful disposition. And the ending is weak. After Hubert's death—which is excellently described—all the authoress can do with Naiada is to send her one winter's day following Hubert, "taking with her a little son." All the same, the book has charm and the story is well told.

Fisk-Moore, Canterbury

***Thomas Becket*, by Robert Speaight**

Robert Speaight, who played the Saint of Canterbury many, many times in T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," has now written the life of the original of his part. Entitled "Thomas Becket," the biography is published by Longman's this week

A TRAVEL book that I can recommend both for text and illustrations is Sacheverell Sitwell's *Roumanian Journey* (Batsford; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is a description of a four weeks' visit which Mr. Sitwell paid to Roumania in 1937, and is concerned mainly with descriptions of the places he went to and the types of people he met. Politics do not enter into the story, save in such statements as that the country is well and wisely governed and is still unspoilt. For the tourist, the prospect offered seems attractive: "Roumania has a cheaper rate of living than any country in Europe"; the native cuisine is the best on the Continent and in some parts of the country—notably near the Czechoslovakian frontier—the beauty of the peasant costume is unrivalled. Although Mr. Sitwell does not pretend to any profound knowledge of Roumania, nevertheless he has filled his pages with much curious information on art, on local customs, on the details of the caviar industry, on the eunuchs of the Skoptzi sect (who believe that Christ never died but wanders constantly without sex and in different forms over the earth), on the painted churches and monasteries of Bucovina, and so on. Mr. Sitwell writes in a quiet, scholarly and rather sedate style—a pleasant change from the hot-jazz kind of travelogues we sometimes come across these days. And the photographs—taken by A. Costa, Richard Wyndham, and others—are excellent.

MYSELF, I had never heard of R. Hernekin Baptist, but when next I see his name on the cover of a book I shall be pretty sure that I 've come across something worth reading. I say so on the evidence of a short novel I have just read by this author, called *A Cargo of Parrots* (Macmillan; 4*s.* 6*d.*). It is, in effect, the story of two men. One is an East African Mohammedan native named Ramazani, whose master, when the book opens, has just died of fever, and who is now entrusted with the task of delivering a large consignment of live birds to their rightful destination. (As it turned out, he had to go all the way with them to England.) The other man is a sadistically-minded American-Swede, by name Jacob, who is the first officer of the ship on which Ramazani travelled. This fellow Jacob had once been a captain, but on account of his cruelty had been deprived of his Master's Certificate and is now serving under his own son, who is captain of the ship. Jacob and Ramazani—officer and passenger respectively on the same ship—are "like two beings from different worlds." The story of their encounter, leading to its ghastly climax, makes a fine study in characters and contrasts. This is a distinguished piece of writing.

WELCOME to the new Penguin Illustrated Classics—ten volumes of them to start with, including *Pride and Prejudice*, *A Sentimental Journey*, *Robinson Crusoe* (2 vols.) and *Gulliver's Travels*—all sixpence each and illustrated with wood-engravings. The older they grow, these companionable "birds," the more enterprising they become. Good luck to them!

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Rich or poor, every woman should make a point of having at least one really well-cut coat and skirt in her wardrobe, as she will find it pays every time. The model above has been designed by Strassner, 48, South Audley Street, and is made in heavy black silk linen stiffened to suggest a fine suiting. It is beautifully tailored, with a straight skirt, slit at either side, and a fitted coat introducing the new length, which is considerably longer than last season. Instead of revers, two pale blue leaves in the same linen fabric are appliquéd down either side. This very effective contrast is repeated in the vest, which barely shows, and the petersham hat. An enchanting collection of new models, both day and evening, are now being shown in these salons. For Ascot, Strassner is showing a fascinating picture frock in blue and white printed chiffon, with a full flowing skirt and a rather close-fitting bodice in plain blue, tightly swathed round the waist. Another lovely dress for evening is in chalk-white romaine, entirely sun-ray pleated. It has a halter neck and is sculptured in its simplicity

Play in the Sun

Any woman with a taste for bright colours can indulge it to the full this year, as everything in the way of dress is essentially vivid and gay. This applies particularly to beach clothes, which are both varied and unconventional. Anything in the way of swim-suits is fashionable, and it is just a question of whether you prefer knitted bloomers, or a dressmaker suit in printed oilskin strewn with huge tropical flowers. For deck games or sunbathing on the sands, however, there is nothing more comfortable than a play-suit like the girl on the left is wearing. This is in navy blue acetate printed in contrasting colours with attractive desert island scenes. It is accompanied by a cherry pink linen bolero and wrap-around skirt which buttons down the front. The price is 5½ guineas, and it comes from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

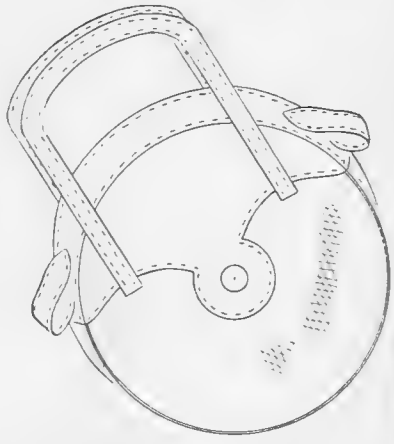
Every summer wardrobe should include a pair of slacks, as they can be worn on practically any occasion which calls for unconventional dress. With regard to colour, some people like them bright, but a more practical plan is to have them either dark blue, grey or white and ring the changes with coloured beach tops, shirts and boleros. An excellent outfit for a southern cruise is a white shantung silk trouser suit with a man-tailored jacket, as it always looks cool and can be enlivened with coloured accessories. Beach coats vary in length this year, and though many reach the ankles, there is a tendency to shorten them and have them buttoning from neck to hem so that they act instead of a dress when going ashore. Another version of the ever-popular play-suit is shown on the right from Liberty's, Regent Street, who have recently opened a delightful beachwear department on the third floor. It costs £4 19s. 6d., and is made in maize-coloured wool tricot trimmed with gay stripes. Like the model above, it is accompanied by a bolero, but the shorts are separate from the backless waistcoat, and being made of wool it is designed for cooler days

Scott Bushe

The Bystander Twins in search of Novelties

DISCOVERED BY PETA; PICTURED BY PAM

A travelling-clock is always a useful possession, and this one from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, costs only twenty-five and sixpence. It is shaped like a giant clip and folds up into a morocco purse. The dial is luminous, and the clock is available with either an eight-day movement or a thirty-hour alarum



Here is a delightful bag from Walpole's, New Bond Street, in the shape of a man's collar-box. It is made of pigskin, which always looks so smart with country tweeds, and it costs only a guinea. The lid slides open and there is a purse, mirror and lipstick pocket inside

The latest version of the umbrella bag is sketched above in black suède with gilt ribs and a carved wood handle. It costs forty-five shillings, and may be seen at Walpole's. The inside is lined with moiré and affords ample space for all the odds and ends which crowd a woman's handbag

This lacquered silver powder-box would make an excellent souvenir for travellers to take back with them, as it is engraved with a map of Europe on which may be recorded the names of places visited. It comes from Maple's in Tottenham Court Road, and is fitted with a powder-sifter and swansdown puff

There is something very annoying about a syphon which drips all over the sideboard, ruining the polish, and this gadget should save many tears, as it is designed especially to catch the drops. Maple's have it in electro-plate for five shillings, and it clips on to the neck of the syphon

New designs in cocktail-shakers are always appearing, and now the idea is to have them like Indian clubs. The one on the left from Maple's is in silver plate with a polished oak handle. It costs three guineas and rings a bell as it shakes, announcing that "cocktails are served." People who dislike noise, however, may prefer it without the bell, which is easily removed

Packing for a week-end is often quite as trying as getting ready for a tour round the world. One way of saving time and trouble, however, is to carry this dressing-table case which contains everything in the way of hair-brushes and lotion bottles. It costs only twenty-five shillings at Swan and Edgar, and is made of real calf with chromium fittings

Golf Clubs at Home: Sidmouth, Devon

The Sidmouth course stands on the high ground behind the town, the club-house being about three-quarters of a mile from the sea-front. When the Sidmouth Golf Club was originally formed in 1891, its nine holes, designed by the late Charles Gibson, of Westward Ho!, were confined to the northern half of the ground occupied by the present course. These holes were retained as the middle portion of the ground when J. H. Taylor was brought in seventeen years later to advise upon the extension of the course to the full eighteen holes. Additional ground was taken in to the southward and the present delightful club-house was built at the seaward end of the new territory

(1) G. W. Williams (hon. secretary). (2) C. E. Gatehouse (committee). (3) A. G. Skinner (committee). (4) J. Crabb Watt (captain). (5) R. J. Russell (committee). (6) C. Dean. (7) C. Easterbrook (professional). (8) E. A. Tomalin, P. W. Read, W. P. S. Phillips. (9) J. F. Waddington, R. Wadams, F. S. Tomkins, F. G. Hunt

FINE OLD SILVER

The Hall-Marks on this handsome silver cup in the Victoria and Albert Museum indicate that it was made in London by John Eckfourd—a silversmith whose name is revered by all collectors—in the year 1722-3.

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The Oxford and Cambridge Women's Lawn Tennis Teams

Cambridge women lost badly to Oxford by 16—1. The players, as seen here, were Joan Gracey, Jane Reynolds, Mary Ness, Elizabeth Agler (Cambridge captain), Cherry Peters, Mary Wilson, Diana Keeton, Jean Silver, Dorothy Berry, Elizabeth Penman, Mary Norman (Oxon captain), and Stella Cornes

Howard Marshall on Sport

WE really are getting into the thick of summer sport now. As I write, sad news comes through from the Troon battle-front, where Frank Pennink and Gordon Peters have just been beaten in the Amateur Golf Championship.

We expect these reverses, but somehow Pennink has established such a reputation for quiet reliability that we always hope he will go a very long way.

Golf, however, will be far from your minds when you read these notes. You will, perhaps, have paused to glance at your favourite weekly before setting out for Epsom and the Derby; and I take it you will have made up your minds about the winner.

The odds seem to be on Pasch, with Gordon Richards quite fit again after his accident at Birmingham. There is also Scottish Union to be considered, and Sir Abe Bailey has made a long and courageous journey to see Golden Sovereign win.

If I were having a mild flutter, though, I should not overlook Bois Roussel, Pasch's stable companion, who has impressed the pundits recently. But there—I don't set myself up as a tipster, though I met a man the other day who had worked out the winner of last year's Derby after reading a little book which told him the relative importance of breeding and other mysteries. As he had never been to a race-meeting in his life, this seems to me a somewhat impressive performance.

It is at least as good a method of picking a winner as any other, though personally I prefer the old-fashioned way of closing the eyes and prodding with a pin.

IN the meanwhile, the first Test Match approaches. On Friday week we shall congregate at Trent Bridge, not with any great hopes of a finish on that perfect wicket, unless rain gives the bowlers some encouragement.

The Australians, poor souls, don't seem to be able to keep clear of controversy. That day at the Oval last week, when Bradman did not enforce the follow-on against Surrey but continued to bat with a mammoth lead, was a sad sort of affair.

Bradman was very worried about it, as well he might be, for it meant that he was husbanding the strength of O'Reilly, his sole surviving bowler of Test Match calibre.

In his explanatory statement afterwards, incidentally, he referred to the fact that, in addition to a great deal of cricket, his team had spent an evening at the Surrey County Cricket Club dinner—a remark which is capable of various interpretations.

I don't for a moment suggest that it was a riotous affair. It was, indeed, wholly decorous and respectable. The trouble, I fancy, was that cricketers find speeches extremely tiring, and Surrey indulged in a number of particularly lengthy speeches which must, I do not doubt, have exercised the patience and courtesy of our visitors to the utmost.

I cannot imagine why people like making speeches. But if they do, I am quite certain that they should not expect other people to

(Concluded on page 372)

Mrs. George Wightman, captain of the American women, entered the doubles at Surbiton with Miss Polly Morrill, an American girl over to practise. Miss Morrill's sister Marjorie, now Mrs. Painter, has played several times in U.S. pairs

Colonel Jack Smyth, V.C., and Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark made another Surbiton pair. Colonel Smyth is Commandant of the Chitral Brigade; Sir Stewart-Clark is Scotland's premier rackets player. Both these pairs lost in the first round

Lady Twyford, the Lady Mayoress of London, presented the Buenos Aires Cup to the winning team after the final tie of the high handicap tournament at Ranelagh. The opponents were Jaguars and Cowdray Park; the former won by 9—2½; their No. 1, the Hon. Keith Rous, took the cup, with S. Sanford, Gerald Balding and the Duke of Roxburghe standing behind

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C.F.H.

Two Sprinters Finished All Square at Oxford

When the Amateur Athletic Association went to Oxford, they took one of their best sprinters, mustachio'd A. W. Sweeney. Oxford's fast hope was K. T. Jenkins of Jesus, but in the 100 yards he finished half a yard behind Sweeney

In the 220 yards Sweeney again led Jenkins until 40 yards from home, then the latter burst past to beat his man and the track record. The result of the meeting was an A.A.A. victory by 75½ to 50½

Last week the Australians played Surrey at cricket and West Kent at golf. In the latter they were beaten by 5—2. The match, a four-ball, was played round the club's course at Bickley, and Don Bradman got into a bunker at the first hole. Below is a group of the teams, also of as many local members who could get into the picture

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 370)

enjoy them; and, of all speeches, those delivered at sporting functions are the most dreary, the most platitudinous, the most intolerably wearisome.

I hope the kindly folk who are arranging further entertainment for the Australians will remember that our visitors have heard quite a number of speeches about cricket already, and that there are plenty of other less deadly forms of entertainment.

ACTUALLY Bradman's decision at the Oval does raise a point of some importance. Either the individual matches of a cricket tour are to be regarded as entirely subordinate to Test Matches, or they must be treated on their merits as separate games. The Australians clearly take the view that Test Matches are all-important, and that their engagements with the counties are merely dress rehearsals.

If this is also the official point of view, steps should be taken to ensure that county fixtures do not become farcical. Either the Australian programme should be rigorously cut down, or more players should be brought, so that it would always be possible to put a really fit team into the field.

Bradman's dilemma at the Oval was a real one; but it should never have been allowed to occur.

AS for lawn tennis, now that we are out of the Davis Cup, the next great interest is the struggle for the Wightman Cup, an event which we have not won for seven years.

I like to think that our chances this summer are rosy, but that, I 'm afraid, is wildly optimistic. The American ladies appear to be exceptionally strong. Mrs. Moody's return to the arena is formidable enough in itself; and she has shown already at Surbiton and elsewhere that she has lost little of her skill. When we consider that the Americans also have Miss Alice Marble and Miss Helen Jacobs for the singles, we are bound to be a little apprehensive.

In the doubles, Miss Marble and Mrs. Fabyan, the American Champions, are an exceptionally strong pair; and Miss Jacobs and Miss Bundy will take some holding. Who are we to put against them? There is Miss Scriven, of course, and she is quite capable of surprising America's best. Then Miss Stammers appears to be finding her real form again, and, on past records, she has proved herself no respecter of persons. Miss Lumb has fighting qualities, and Miss James and Miss Scott also come into the picture. But although we may press America, we cannot really hope for victory.

In the meanwhile, the authorities should be casting their net as wide as possible in search of Davis Cup material. It is surely reasonable to suppose that we can find players who could be developed to Davis Cup standard by training and encouragement

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The Ladies' Amateur Championship at Burnham: By Eleanor E. Helme

WHAT ridiculous rubbish it is to have to put in that word Amateur before Championship. I don't want to be controversial at a moment when the thing to be said is that the player who played the best golf of the week won, and that it was a brilliant final, and a perfectly delightful championship. But, honestly, to call it a British Women's Championship, and to have Joyce Wethered, Enid Wilson and Wanda Morgan there in the gallery, instead of as competitors, was farcical, and a most sad lowering of the standard. How on earth are our good young players, of whom there is a splendid crop this year, ever to compare themselves with the truly best, if those best are debarred from competition? Mercifully, clubs and organisers of competitions are ahead of the L.G.U. in their attitude to this vexed question. More and more of them are inviting entries from so-called "non-amateurs," to the very great benefit of the competitions and golf in general. Soon public opinion must override the prejudices of those who rule women's golf, and then once again we shall have a championship worthy of the name, and a team worth sending against America. Which is written with no disrespect meant to selectors or players this year: they have made the best of a bad job, and the players chosen are as good as can be. No doubt Mrs. Garon will do something quickly to restore her swing to that state of beauty and excellence which it was in when she won the English Championship at Birkdale, and then all will be as well as may be in an imperfect world.

TO return to the actual events at Burnham, where we left off last week; that is to say, with the last eight arrived at. Mrs. Temple Dobell, having survived thus far by real stout-hearted golf almost up to her old standard, then also had a bout of the old enemy, three putts, and paid the penalty to Mrs. Fletcher, who was Irish Champion as Miss Pat Sherlock, and a very pretty player. She in turn was to go out to Miss Elsie Corlett, who had survived one of the most stirring battles of the week against Miss Joy Winn. If there is one thing proved by Burnham up to the hilt, beyond dispute, and all other certainties however expressed, it is that Miss Corlett now is a grand fighter, who spurs herself on to the last gasp. Miss Winn stuck to her like the good-'un she is, and there were stymies too for Miss Corlett to contend with, but she did it, 1 up, and won by 3 and 2 from Mrs. Fletcher in the semi-final.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Holm spent the day beating first Miss Clarrie Tiernan and then Miss Mervyn Barton, who played fine golf to win 2 and 1 from Miss Nan Baird, ex-Girl and ex-Scottish Champions. Miss Tiernan can fight; she kept on pulling Mrs. Holm back, and chased her all the way to the seventeenth. Miss Barton never gave up trying either, and only lost a hole earlier to Mrs. Holm in the semi-final. As for the final, never have I seen anything more brilliant than Mrs. Holm's putting: seven times one putt in the first eighteen holes; nor more dogged than Miss Corlett, who kept on terms all the morning, and when she was 7 down at the fifth after lunch, yet hung on to lose by no more than 4 and 3. Mrs. Holm was round in 78 in the morning, out in 40 in the afternoon.

AND now I am writing from Aldeburgh, where the gorse and the nightingales are entirely delectable, and the Parliamentary Tournament is providing all sorts of thrills, such as Miss Percy holing her tee shot at the fifteenth, and Lady Brecknock a spoon for a two at a four hole; and Miss Cradock-Hartopp getting out repeatedly in 38 or less; Mrs. Bell being steady as rock; Miss Helena Saunderson as disconcertingly good for her handicap; and Mrs. McCorquodale showing that she was not Miss Winifred Clark of Troon without knowing how to play the game. I remember what a furore there was about her as a very young golfer in Scottish Foursomes; if memory serves, it was she and Miss Eileen Greenlees who beat Miss Joyce Wethered and Mrs. Olaf Hambro, and Mrs. McCorquodale only needs a little fierce golf to come right back into first-class circles again.

There was a record entry, and some very good golf played; Mrs. H. G. Percy, ten times Northumberland Champion, played some of it in the first round, but fell under the weight of fourteen strokes to give to Miss H. Saunderson in the second. Thereupon she consoled herself by winning the scratch medal cup, just as Mrs. Hankey, who held the magnificent golden match-play trophy, did by winning the handicap one. Lady Carisbrooke won the bisque bogey, and she and Lady Brecknock were second for the flag foursomes, which were won by Mrs. Bushman and Miss Mulholland, and everybody was in love with Aldeburgh. It is good to think of getting back there for the English Championship this autumn, just as it is to know that the Ladies' Open—I beg its pardon, Amateur—is to be at Portrush next spring.

Miss Madeleine Fyshe (Blackwell) and Mrs. Gillingham (Roehampton) were early opponents in the championship at Burnham; Miss Fyshe, the victor, went on to the fifth round

Miss Jean Hamilton, of Tandridge, and Miss Margery Raworth, of St. George's Hill, were two would-be champions. Miss Hamilton reached the third round, Miss Raworth the second

Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp's defeat in the early rounds by Mrs. J. E. Fletcher was a bit of a surprise; Mrs. Fletcher, the former Pat Sherlock, reached the semi-final

Mrs. Graham Emery and Miss Dorrit Wilkins posed together at Burnham and Berrow. Miss Wilkins was beaten by the new champion in the third round

Looking Back to the Great Battle of Burnham and Berrow

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Short Drink, ½ KIA-ORA Orange, ½ Gin; shake; serve cold.
For a long drink—add soda.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

First Stages of the Championship at Troon

THE Amateur Championship was held this year on the links of the Troon G.C. for the first time in its history. The Open Championship was played on the links of the Troon G.C. in 1923, when Arthur Havers, who at that time was professional to the Coombe Hill G.C., won with a score of 295, beating Walter Hagen by one shot, Macdonald Smith by two shots, and Joe Kirkwood, of Australia, by three shots.

The entry this year numbered 243, and, with the American Walker Cup team and the Australian touring team over here as well as entrants from America, Australia, Canada, France, Germany, South Africa, India, and Shanghai, was as representative as it ever has been.

AMONGST those who scratched was young James Bruen, who had very wisely decided to concentrate his energies on the Walker Cup match, which is due to be played on the Friday after the final of the Amateur has been decided.

There is no shadow of doubt that Bruen would have had a very great chance of winning at Troon: that he has sacrificed the opportunity of doing so shows great self-restraint and self-denial. No golfer who has fought through to the final of the Amateur can reasonably expect to be quite at his best and on his toes only six days afterwards. At the present time, when, I am afraid, there are too many golfers, both male and female, who put themselves before their side, it is refreshing to find a young player like Bruen doing the opposite and proper thing.

Jacques Leglise, the holder of the French Open Amateur Championship and a really brilliant golfer, also had to scratch. The others who scratched—there were about twenty-five of them—cannot, except possibly in their own imagination, have affected the final result to any material extent.

THE entry of Jocelyn Walker, who won the German Amateur Championship in 1930, was, to say the least, amusing. Walker was born a few miles from Troon at Kilmarnock, and learnt his golf and many other things at Troon. Not unnaturally, he wished to enter from the Troon G.C.; when he had filled in his entry-form he sent it to the secretary of the Troon G.C. and asked him to forward it to the Royal and Ancient G.C. Walker received a letter from the secretary of the Troon G.C. saying that as his handicap had lapsed at the Troon G.C., he suggested that he should enter from another club, so he immediately entered from the Royal Cinque Ports G.C. I know that ladies' golf handicaps lapse often but I have never before heard of a man's handicap lapsing. It appears to me that the secretary of the Troon G.C. was attempting to inform Walker as politely as possible that he did not think that he was a good enough golfer to play in the Amateur. The most amusing part of this incident is to come. On the Monday Walker won his first match against that very good golfer from Birmingham, Stanley Lunt, who won the English Championship at Formby in 1934 after being six down at half-time. Funnier still is the fact that the unfortunate Lunt played well enough to beat about eighty per cent. of those who played in the Championship that day, and yet was beaten by 4 and 3.

Walker went out in the phenomenal score of 31; he averaged threes for the first five holes and his score for the first nine holes read 3, 3, 4, 3, 2, 5, 4, 3, 4. After he had done this score many Scotsmen considered him disloyal because he had not entered from the Troon G.C. Now these gentlemen will know why he entered from Deal.

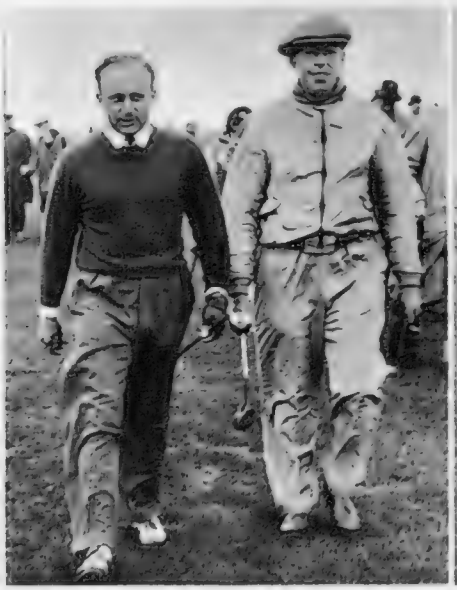
ON the Monday afternoon a strong wind blew from the north-west and made it advisable to put the tees at the tenth, sixteenth and eighteenth holes further forward. Some players were, against the wind, unable to reach the sixteenth green in three full shots, so there was very good reason to put this tee forward.

A. Matthews, from Park View, South Africa, had a most thrilling finish against Andrew Jamieson, who beat Bobby Jones at Muirfield in 1926. On the last green, with two for the hole and match, Matthews putted to the left and about five feet short, and gave himself a complete stymie, which he quickly and nonchalantly holed with a lofted club. Many golfers would in similar circumstances have lain all over the green, had a long conversation with their caddie, called on the gods to witness, swung several clubs and then mis-hit the ball. Matthews went about the shot in a very much better manner and had lofted his ball without any fuss into the hole before some of the large number of spectators realised that he had been stymied.

***Troon** provided weather for the Amateur Championship which no one liked, Americans least of all. Johnny Goodman, the American amateur champion, started favourite at 8-1, shortened to 15-2, fell in the fourth round to his compatriot Kocsis. Cyril Tolley started at 40-1*

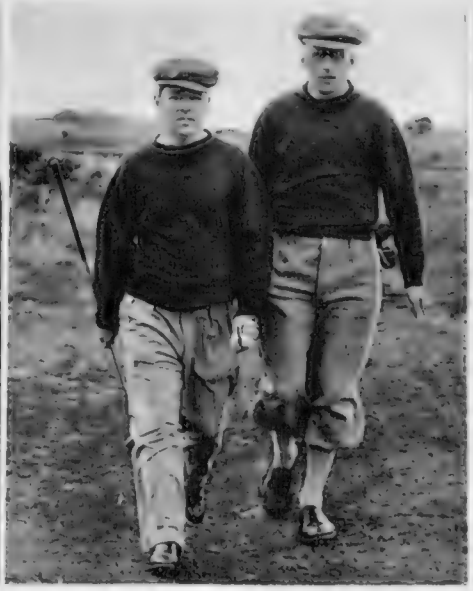
Len Nettlefold, who is the leader of the Australian team, and who reached the last eight of the Amateur at Hoylake in 1927, was treated very unkindly by A. T. Kyle, who started with three threes and went out in 33. From what I have seen of Alex Kyle's play at Worplesdon and elsewhere, I cannot help thinking that he must be nearly a good enough golfer to play for Scotland.

AS I write, only two days' play in the Amateur has been completed. One of our Walker Cup players, Charles Stowe, is out and three of the American Walker Cup players are out; two of them have been knocked out by their fellow-countrymen and the other by that good Irish player, A. W. Briscoe, who is just recovering his health after one and a half years of sickness. Briscoe won by doing the twentieth hole in three, a hole of 372 yards; he holed chip shots at both the thirteenth and fourteenth holes, so his opponent, Marvin Ward, has reason to consider himself unlucky.



P. J. Urlwin-Smith met Francis Ouimet, the American Walker Cup captain, in the first round, lost to him by a hole. Ouimet fell to the Irish giant, Ewing, in the third round

G. Illingworth (Woking) was the first victim of C. Ross Summerville, who has been six times Canadian champion and has several times met the Americans on their own ground



Ex-champion Dr. William Tweddell and J. S. Logan met in the first round, Tweddell winning. He met Francis Ouimet in the second round and lost by 4 and 3

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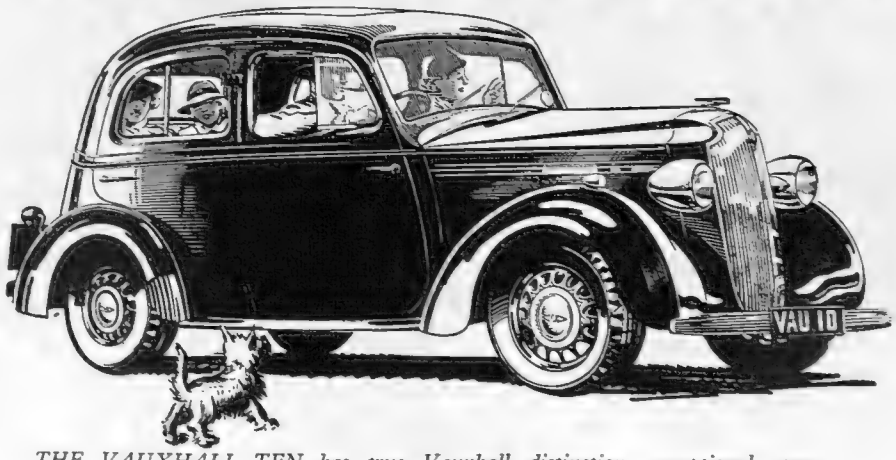

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A New Team in the Air

By Charles Ward

PUBLIC confidence in the Air Ministry and in the programme for air armament has been restored. Sir Kingsley Wood has been appointed at the right time. His decision to support home airways, in spite of a Government report against such a plan, gives an indication that he will not be restricted in outlook by mistakes made in the past. Details of the scheme to make the Royal Air Force the finest fighting service in the world are not available for publication, but those on the inside believe that it will be achieved in time to justify the vast expenditure which is involved. News of the week follows a simultaneous display of air power at more than one hundred centres throughout the country. Empire Air Day in 1938 will be memorable because the dominating influence of flying in our daily life was first brought home to the people. New air-liners are on order from de Havillands and Short Brothers to cope with traffic to all of the capitals in Europe and for trans-ocean crossings. The Mayo seaplane "Mercury" is being prepared for a flight to Canada at the end of this month, after preliminary trials have been made round Great Britain. The return journey, without the assistance of porter "Maia," is planned from Newfoundland to England via the Azores, the longest hop being 1500 miles, less than half the distance which the seaplane can fly when launched in mid-air.

Norman Parkinson

Late Night Final! A curious photographic effect obtained by night at Croydon. Flood-light rays reflected from the metal blades of the air-screws trace their track in the air. British Airways have ordered Super Electras, top speed 260 miles an hour, for their new European services

Many expert film critics gave the palm for last week to *Test Pilot*, at the Empire, but whatever its merits as a film by comparison with others, the flying is marvellously well done and the photography is perfect. Modern aircraft, both civil and military, are seen in action, and even the close-ups convince, because the 'planes are really fighters or bombers or racers, whatever is being tested at the moment. An excellent psychological study, good dialogue, star actors, combined with first-class flying shots, make the film one that should not be missed by anyone interested in the air. From July 9th to 17th National Gliding Competitions will be held at Dunstable, sailplanes from all centres being entered. This is the first occasion that such an event has occurred near London. 100,000 spectators are expected, and catering is planned on that scale. Aeroplane-towing, joy-riding in sailplanes, night-gliding and demonstrations of radio communication form part of the programme.

Wicked stepmother of trade recessions, the Stock exchange has had much to answer for in recent months. Her untimely attack of nerves has curtailed the spending power of the nation in a quick and vicious circle. The old witch has surprisingly pleasant minions. The stockbroker is often a man of high moral character who is received everywhere, and not only because he wears good clothes. His clothes have to be good, if he is to be successful. They must have style—in its most modern form—so that he has the appearance of prosperity and good taste so necessary to create confidence. And they must be hard wearing, in order to carry him through times of recession. Such clothes are expensive. It must be galling to him to realise that, as an investment, he can offer nothing to approach them.

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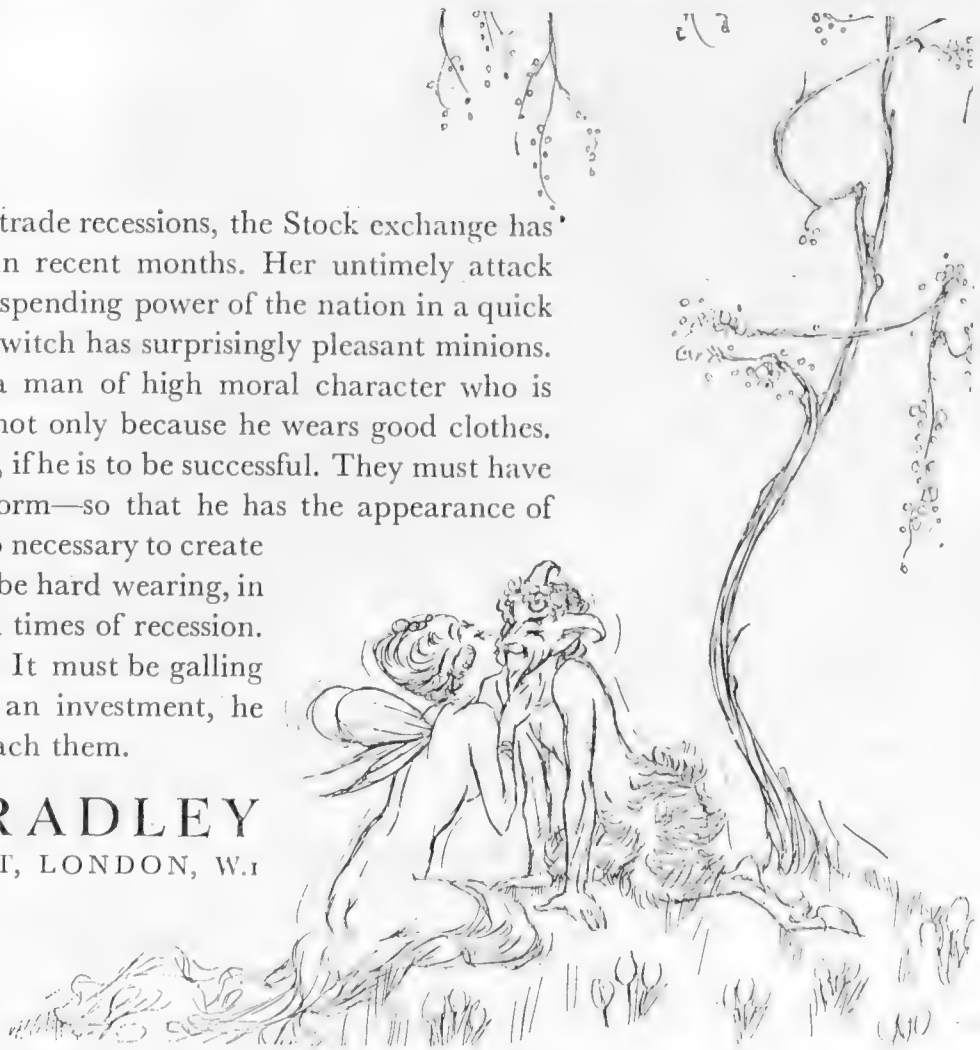
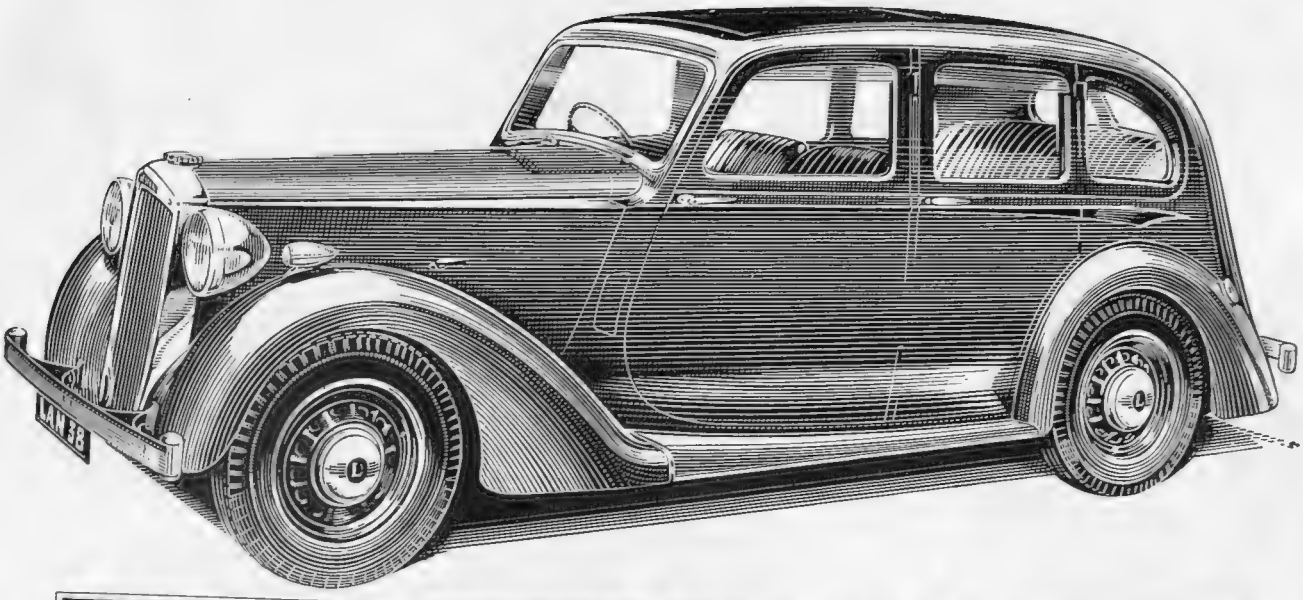
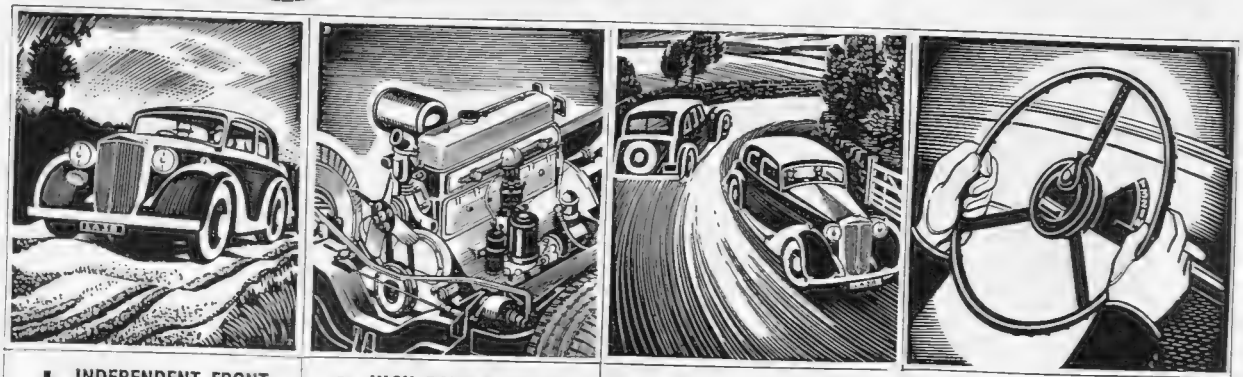
14 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1







1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING

2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO

3 LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY

4 DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair & Daimler patents

In ONE CAR *for the first time*

What are the things about other cars that have struck you as desirable? List them — then check them off against this new Lanchester.

For in this remarkable car every single worth-while feature has been incorporated. The result is a car that makes motoring a rare pleasure. It floats you over the worst roads (independent front wheel springing). It gets you away from traffic hold-ups ahead of the rest (high power-weight ratio). It corners at speed — even on a false camber — sitting well down on the road, with no suggestion of roll (low centre of gravity and anti-roll control). An untiring car for both driver and passengers — the Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission cuts the driver's work to a minimum and gives the smooth-running engine an even greater smoothness.

Truly the new Lanchester Roadrider De Luxe is a joy to drive and a pride to own.

5 SEPARATE ENCLOSED LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT

6 ADJUSTABLE STEERING COLUMN

7 INTER-AXLE SEATING

8 ACCESSIBLE ENCLOSED SPARE WHEEL

9 RUBBER-MOUNTED REAR SPRINGS

10 PERFECT VENTILATION OBTAINED WITHOUT PIVOTING WINDOWS

11 HAND-BRAKE FITTED JUST BENEATH DASH ON OFFSIDE

12 FLEXIBLY MOUNTED ENGINE

13 THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED COOLING

14 QUICK ACTING LIFT-UP BONNET

15 LARGE ANTI-ROLL CONTROL BARS FRONT AND REAR

16 INSULATED EXHAUST SYSTEM

The new LANCHESTER *Roadrider* DE-LUXE

LANCHESTER 6-CYLINDER '14' ROADRIDER DE LUXE

from **£365**

Tax £10 . 10

FOR £25 LESS you can have the same car with synchro-mesh gearbox and ordinary clutch.

'Eighteen' from £525 'Roadrider' from £330 'Eleven' from £275

British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD. 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS W.1

Crumpets for Tea

Bessie says it's messy
Having crumpets with my tea.
Bessie says it's messy
That's what Bessie says to me.
But I simply love my crumpets
With a salt that's crisp and dry,
And I can't stop eating crumpets
However hard I try.

Bessie says it's messy
Even eating buttered toast,
But I don't get very angry
'Cos it's crumpets I like most,
And I'll go on eating crumpets,
Yes, even when I die;
For there's nothing half so 'licious
When the salt is crisp and dry.

CEREBOS SALT
for children of all ages

Getting Married *(Continued from page C)*

Catherine Bell

Laurie Arnott

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Arnott, of Strathfield, Sydney, Australia, and was presented at the Second Court; she has become engaged to Harold Higginson, second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Higginson, of Craigavad, Co. Down, Northern Ireland

Yevonde

Betty Garrard

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Garrard, of Lancaster Road, Pendleton, Manchester; her fiancé is William George Yates, only son of the late G. W. Yates and Mrs. Yates, of Carlyle House, Bolton

Yvonne Gregory

Noreen Farr

Is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. John Farr, of Worksop Manor, Notts.; she is engaged to Lieut. John Metcalfe Wood, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Wood, of Farndon, Newark, Notts.

Vandyk

Katharine Maude Hone

Is the elder daughter of the Bishop of Pontefract and Mrs. Hone, of Woodthorpe Lodge, Wakefield, and is engaged to William George Quincey Mills, F.R.C.S., son of Dr. W. H. Mills, Fellow of Jesus College, and Mrs. Mills, of 23, Storey's Way, Cambridge

Rosalinda Octavia Hindson

Is the daughter of the late Rev. J. Hindson and the Hon. Mrs. Hindson, of St. Andrews, Brockenhurst, Hants., and is to marry Leslie Foster-Vesey-Fitz-Gerald, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. FitzGerald and grandson of Mrs. Glennie, of Clammer Hill, Haslemere

Elliott & Fry

Sylvia Baker

Is the daughter of Mr. C. M. Baker, C.I.E., of Green Farm, Meopham, Kent; she is to marry Captain George Taylor Denison, R.E., elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. W. Denison, of Lexden, Colchester

This summer—look your best—*always!* Real lasting beauty and refreshing daintiness comes to every woman with the aid of Larola—its regular use will beautify your skin and safeguard your complexion. The soothing, cooling properties of this delightfully fragrant skin tonic give adequate protection against over-exposure to sun and wind, and keeps the face, hands and arms beautifully soft, smooth and comfortable.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

Larola

Larola Holiday Hint

Sun-tan painlessly and evenly. Acquire your bronze without sore, smarting, peeling skin. Apply Larola before exposure—and after—its tonic qualities will protect the most sensitive skin and keep it soft and free from blemishes

From Chemists & Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:
M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, England.
Write for free Booklet:—"The Cult of Beauty."

Larola Soap, Boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-. Single Tablets, 8d. Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge), the Natural Tint, Sifter Boxes with puff, 1/- and 2/6.

Henry Heath Ltd

105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 9312. Fur felt Sports hat. In all fashionable colours. Price 21/9. Agencies everywhere.

CRÊPE DE CHINE

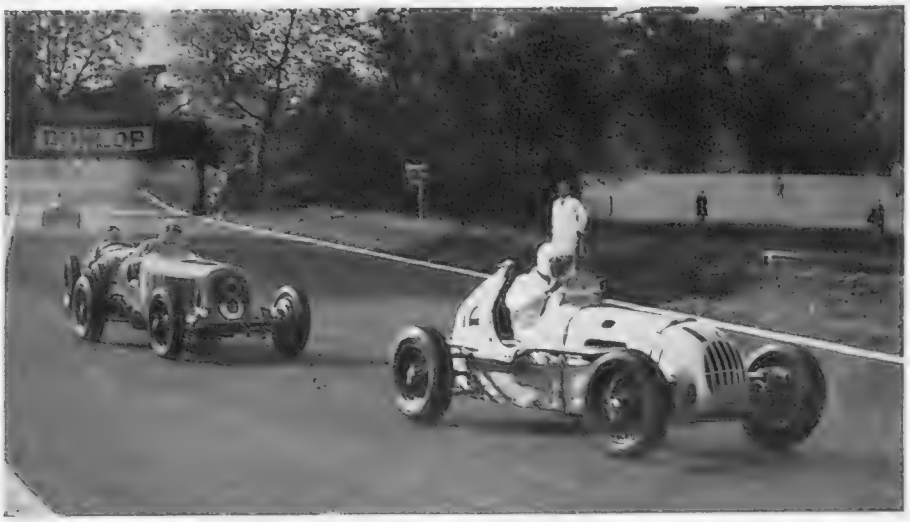
This gracious perfume, which has enjoyed such a flattering success, is an exotic . . . in whose subtle depths dwells the very ecstasy of haunting loveliness . . . The "introductory" size costs only 4/6.

a distinguished perfume by **F. MILLOT** *paris*

F. MILLOT LTD., PARFUMEUR, 11/12, CLIFFORD STREET, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1; ALSO AT PARIS AND NEW YORK

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess



The Sydenham Trophy Race at the Crystal Palace track provided some excellent racing: the winner was J. H. T. Smith in a supercharged M.G. "Magnette"; the leaders at Stadium Dip here are Abecassis (Alta), who had a nasty skid on Fisherman's Corner, and B. Bira (E.R.A.), who was second

THE path of true racing does not seem to run any more smoothly in France than the path of true love does elsewhere. Some time ago I referred to the difficulties over Le Begue's award in the Monte Carlo Rally and more recently I commented upon the distribution of the one million francs motor-racing fund. These two subjects were of impersonal interest to us, since they concerned only the French themselves. Now, however, this country has been involved in a situation characterised by particularly unsatisfactory aspects.

Some while back, the E.R.A. concern sent in its official entry for the French Grand Prix, which the Automobile Club de France is to run this year in accordance with the new International formula. Time marched on, but no acknowledgment of the entry was received. Then the period for the receipt of entries expired and E.R.A.'s received their first reply from the A.C.F., which was in the form of a letter intimating that the English entry could not be accepted *as the entry-form had not been signed.* No one at Bourne will confirm that the entrant failed to sign the entry-form, but even if this extraordinary omission had occurred one might have expected that our French friends would have extended to us the courtesy, usual in such cases, of pointing out the technical error in the ample time which remained in which it could have been rectified.

The French club's behaviour in this matter is without precedent, so far as I am aware, and the result of their action is that E.R.A.'s are prevented from representing this country in the French Grand Prix. Undoubtedly it is open to us to form the opinion that in acting thus discourteously to the E.R.A. concern the French unwittingly have paid them a high compliment!

I HAVE just been looking through the pages of the latest American publication on motor-racing. It is a newspaper entitled *Illustrated Speedway News*, and is published each Saturday. One paragraph in particular strikes me as so deliciously American that I reproduce it here for your delectation. It is headed, somewhat typically, "Pre-cooled Helmets for Indianapolis Speedsters."

"Keeping a cool head in auto-racing is one of the main factors in more ways than one. The Norge Electric Refrigerator Company will supply the racing 'pits' in Indianapolis this year with refrigerators to keep the drivers' crash helmets cool and also to have cool refreshments on hand for the

(Concluded on page viii)

Some phrases seldom ring true

"You can put your shirt on it"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

THE EVER-PLEASANT BACKGROUND
Player's
MEDIUM OR MILD
In the pattern of life Player's have become an essential background, supporting and enlivening its varied occasions: a ready avenue of friendly contact, a stimulant to conversation, but above all, always a pleasure in itself whether 'Medium' or 'Mild'.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN 25·1/3 · 50·2/5

NCC.439 A

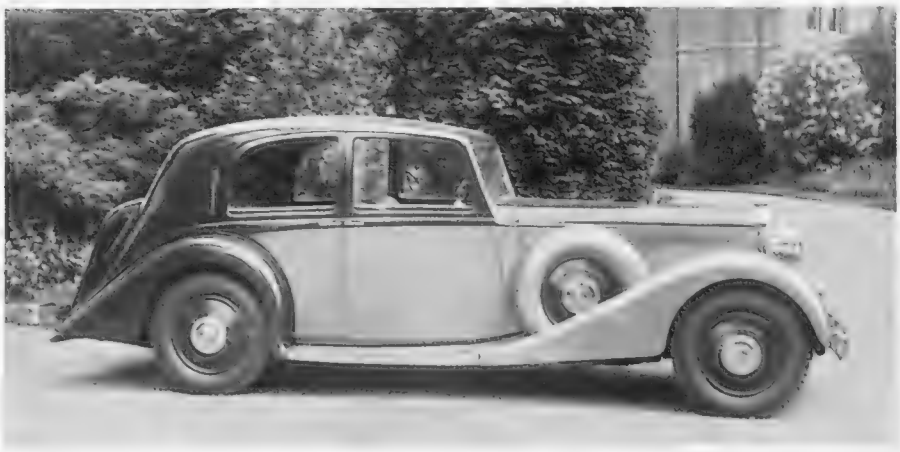
Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page vi)

'pit' stops. This will be welcome news for the speed demons as the blistering sun pouring down on these metal helmets hour after hour as this gruelling distance of 500 miles is run is tough going on the boys at the wheels. Many drivers contemplate in putting their crash helmets in the refrigerators a few hours before the big race so that the first few hundred miles of the Memorial Day speed classic will be run without the scorching rays of the sun heating up the old 'conk.'"

ENTRIES for the I.O.M. Tourist Trophy motor-cycle races to be run in Manxland on June 13th, 15th and 17th have closed with the excellent total of 109—six more than last year. For the first time for a number of years the Junior Race is the best supported, there being 48 entries for this category, 30 for the Senior, and 31 for the Lightweight. Among the ten nations represented are America, Denmark, France, Germany, South Africa and Spain.

One of the most interesting features of this year's series is the large number of private-owner entries. Although the factory-backed experts, with the very latest machines, will be there in full force, the "free-lances" are by no means daunted. Many of these enthusiasts will be riding anything but new models, but that is not to say that the veteran machines lack speed. On the contrary, some of their well-tried mounts are more reliable than the very latest productions. For example, L. J. Archer, so well known to Brooklands motor-cycle racing fans, is entering the Lightweight with a New Imperial which is four years old. Age has not dimmed its brilliant performance, for at this year's Easter Donington meeting it set up the 250 c.c. lap record at 66·28 m.p.h.



A Daimler Light Straight Eight

This example of a smart car whose outstanding body feature is the absence of centre door pillars belongs to Mr. David Martin, and is entered for the Scottish Rally, June 8th-10th

I HAVE just enjoyed a new motoring sensation—an experience which I had imagined impossible of attainment. It was provided by a long-overdue run on a Type 540-K Mercédès-Benz. To look at this massive car at rest is to stand in some awe of a masterpiece of constructional acumen and artistic elegance.

At £1890 this Cabriolet B model costs admittedly a lot; but then you get an immensity of motor-car for the money! It is a genuine 105 m.p.h. luxury car whose steering is the most perfect I have ever handled. The lack of privacy when one pushes the throttle right down and brings the supercharger into action is notable, but its high-pitched, rasping whine is sheer music to your enthusiast. I have referred to the massive look of this distinguished car. Personally, I found it also somewhat massive to drive. All the pedals demand very real exertion on the part of the driver, the withdrawal springs being, if anything, rather excessively powerful. When cold, the oil in the gear-box is so "tacky" that the effort of changing gear is one calculated to make one fly, Popeye-like, to one's spinach-tin; but there is no gainsaying the very real and potent exhilaration one gets from handling this car on the open road. And (in contrast with many modern cars) familiarity with it breeds—respect.

The more you handle a Mercédès, the more you grow to realise what has earned for them an almost legendary esteem all over the world.

THE FOUNDER OF A FAMOUS HOUSE

JAMES LYS SEAGER SEEKS FLAVOUR & FRAGRANCE FOR THE PERFECT GIN

It was from the foremost experts of his time that James Lys Seager sought advice on the various choice ingredients for his Secret Recipe. The fragrant herbs he selected are still the basis of that unique perfection which is....

100% PURE 100% PERFECT

SEAGERS GIN

BELGIUM

The country of golden sands, tonic air, famous resorts, cities of art, spas and beautiful scenery. The land of inexpensive living. Hotels are good and modern.

Consult your Local Travel Agent and write for booklet (or folder) "B" to the BELGIAN TOURIST OFFICE, 99, Regent Street, LONDON, W.1

THERE IS ALWAYS SO MUCH TO ENJOY IN "THE SKETCH"

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

This weekly competition will give profitable amusement to all readers of "The Sketch," and it will in addition, be an opportunity to test your ability in the art of "snapping". Commencing with the issue dated June 1st, a cash prize of £10 is offered by "The Sketch" for the "BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH" selected for publication every week until further notice. For every other competitive photograph which the editor considers worthy of publication, a sum of not less than £1 will be paid for the reproduction right. FULL DETAILS AND CONDITIONS APPEAR EVERY WEEK IN "THE SKETCH".

'MISS SKETCH'S DIARY"

A special feature, very fully illustrated . . . what "Miss Sketch" has seen and what personalities she has met . . . witty and lively comment on the social round. An entirely new presentation of the popular "about-town" snapshots.

ARE YOU A "BRISTLEWOOD"?

The series of the now famous Bristlewood family—drawn by Frank Reynolds exclusively for "The Sketch"—are pictured comments upon people such as you and I. These experiences are amusing, since they are similar to what you or I might undergo. "The Sketch" has made this family famous . . . *you* would enjoy seeing them every week.

"FROM START TO FINISH"

A complete "all-picture" review of a Play that is having a popular run: this appears in addition to the comprehensive article on "The Stage" by the well-known critic, Ivor Brown, as well as many illustrations of other plays and films.

OTHER REGULAR FEATURES INCLUDE:

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING"—an entertaining article dealing with the sport of the angler.

A weekly TENNIS article by Miss Helen Jacobs, THE CINEMA by Michael Orme—caricatures by Sheriff.

"TALES WITH A STING"—a weekly short story.

"The Sketch" DIARY OF FASHION, edited by Olive Caley-Smith.

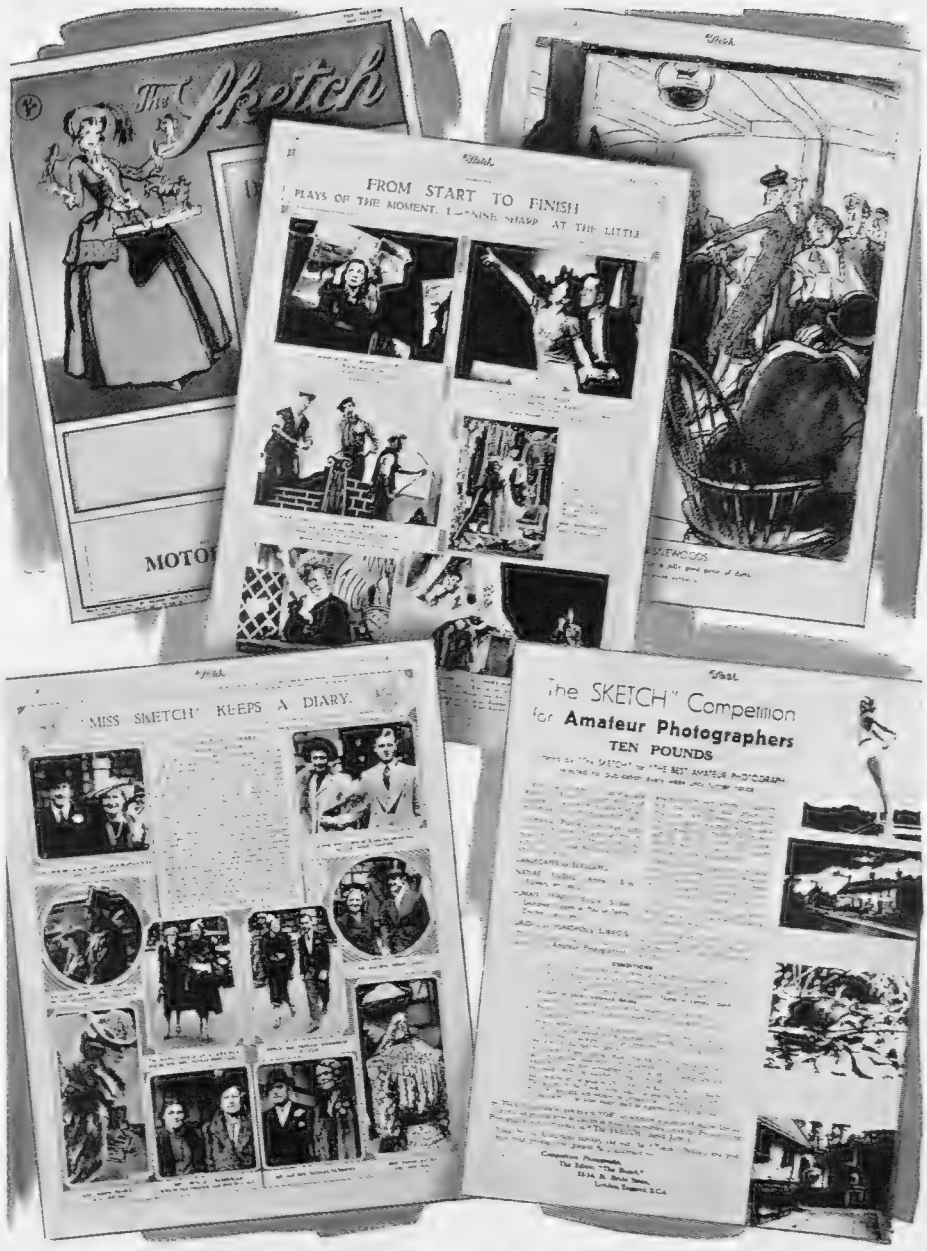
"MOTLEY NOTES": humorous comment on the foibles of the day, by Alan Kemp.

"Following Through"—a page on GOLF.

"FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE": good advice to prospective investors.

"MOTOR DICTA" by H. E. Symons—dealing with every phase of motoring.

"THE FOOD OF LOVE"—a weekly musical article by Francis Toye.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER by L. P. Hartley.

For forty-five years The SKETCH has been a firm favourite. Today its contents are brighter, more entertaining than ever. In the home, as you travel by train, The SKETCH affords hours of delightful reading: and then, how often it is eagerly enjoyed by friends and relations overseas. Start taking The SKETCH today.

The Sketch

EVERY WEDNESDAY—PRICE ONE SHILLING

YOU'LL ENJOY EVERY PAGE OF THIS POPULAR ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER - ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT TO SEND IT

A Modern Medley

Seven different perfumes, for every mood and every occasion, have been created by Lancôme, and one of them is yours. If you belong to the exotic and faintly Oriental type, choose "Peut Être," but if, on the other hand, you have one of those naïve temperaments lacking in sophistication, you will prefer "Bocages," which is like a breath of spring, fresh and intoxicating. In "Kypre," yet another of Lancôme's perfumes, jasmine is mingled with the soft scents of Provence

Choose Your Perfume

PERFUMES and personalities are so closely related that it is impossible to separate one from the other, and every woman should bear this in mind when choosing a new scent. She should also consider the question of environment and the occasion for which the perfume is destined, as nothing is more incongruous than a highly exotic fragrance in a moorland setting. Seven enchanting perfumes to suit seven different temperaments have been created by Lancôme, the well-known French perfumers. Each one has been evolved with a definite purpose and possesses some subtle characteristic which distinguishes it from the others and makes it a joy to use. For the young ingénue who is full of joie de vivre, there is "Conquête," a fresh, sparkling scent which though vigorous is too delicate for general use on furs with the exception of mink or astrakhan. Sprayed lightly over the hair and arms it is perfect for evening. "Révolte," on the other hand, is more of a day perfume, suitable for the outdoor type of woman who is fond of sport and rough tweeds. It blends happily with the smell of tobacco, and reminds one of Dartmoor when the heather is in full bloom. Another intriguing fragrance which does not dissolve into its component parts as soon as it is used, but continues to enchant and mystify, is "Peut Être," a perfume of youth, ardent and tenacious. Its subtle fragrance is a skilful blending of roses, lilies and carnations, yet beneath its freshness there is a faint suggestion of the Orient. In the same way, "Tropiques" conjures up the enchantment of exotic nights when the air is laden with the scent of jasmine, languishing orchids and lilies. This perfume is essentially suited to the more ethereal type of woman whose fragile beauty is accentuated by a pale alabaster complexion. She should always use it in the evening to increase her charm and fascination. A few drops behind the ears, on the nape of the neck and inside the wrists is quite sufficient, as "Tropiques" is a lasting perfume which never grows stale. The gay, vivacious temperament, on the other hand, should choose "Tendres Nuits," which is light and refreshing, like a flower-garden on a summer night. Like all Lancôme perfumes it is obtainable practically everywhere, or direct from Esencourt, 21, Thurloe Place, S.W.7.

Keeping Cool

THERE is nothing more refreshing after a long walk or a hard game of tennis than a cool drink made with Kia-Ora orange squash. It not only quenches the thirst but being made with pure orange juice and cane sugar, it possesses all the natural flavour of a real orange which is always so delicious. Children as well as their parents simply love it, and the more they drink of it the better, as it helps to purify the blood and gives them increased energy. In the same way, many doctors and beauty specialists recommend it as a daily health tonic, to be taken every morning either before or during breakfast. Besides orange squash, there is Kia-Ora lemon, which is excellent either by itself or mixed with the orange, to say nothing of the Lime Juice Cordial, Grape Fruit and Barley Lemon squashes, which are equally delicious and health-giving.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JUNE

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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By Appointment to H.M. Queen Mary

Summer Coats

"DARTMOUTH." *Dainty Edge-to-edge COAT in LINEN embroidered with contrasting Fancy Wool Stitching, complete with scarf. White, Natural, Lemon or Beige shades* **69/6**

"DUNMOW." *Elegant Edge-to-edge WOOL ROMAINE COAT, unlined, and trimmed with Ottoman Silk. Stocked in Navy or Black. Any colour to order. S.W., W., F.W., O.S. and X.O.S.* **5½ GNS.**

"Dartmouth" 69/6

"Dunmow" 5½ Gns.

Gorringes

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Two minutes from Victoria Station

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Hilda Betty Dudgeon

Is engaged to John F. F. Lathbury, R.E., only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. B. Lathbury, of 19, Elgin Court, W.9. She is the daughter of the late Arthur Dudgeon, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Charles Lane, of Rock Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork

Lenare

Mollie Watts

Is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Brian Watts, of 23, Gloucester Place, W.1; she has announced her engagement to Commander Eric Wheeler Bush, R.N., son of the late Rev. and Mrs. H. Wheeler Bush, of Bathford, Bath

Catherine Bell

Deira Beatrice Paxman

Is the only daughter of A. W. Paxman, of Ballyrafter House, Lismore, Co. Waterford, and the late Mrs. Paxman, and is engaged to Edwin John Vacha, only son of J. M. Vacha, of 17, Palace Gardens Mansions, W.8

Bassano

Winifred Primrose Williams

Is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. S. P. Williams, of Stonewalls, Cobham, Surrey; she is engaged to William Erskine McColl Thomas, only son of Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas, of Merevale, Dinas Powis, Glamorgan

Lenare

Sonia Spedding

Will be married in July to Norman Travers Hankin, of Langham Court, Didsbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Seymer Hankin, of Bedford. She is the daughter of the late Major Rodney Spedding, Royal Irish Rifles, and Mrs. Spedding, of the Old Cottage, Hambledon, Surrey

Lenare

Rosemary Munroe

Is to be married in Kenya to W. F. Delap, son of Major J. O. K. Delap, of Kayata, Donyo Sabuk, and Mrs. A. Delap. She is the daughter of the late J. W. Munroe, and Mrs. Guy Hanmer, of Hullavington, Chippenham, Wilts

Navana

Deidre McClure Williams

Will be married on July 16th to Pelham Laird Warren, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Warren, of Pembroke Rough, Woking. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold McClure Williams, of Annamoe, Hook Heath, Hants., and granddaughter of Sir William Fry, chairman of Dr. Barnardo's Homes

Angus McBean

Phyllis Mary Thompson

Is the elder daughter of the late Colonel P. T. L. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, of 3a, Collington Mansions, Bexhill; she will be married in June to Major Alan Belchamber, 1st Batt. the Sikh Regt. (King George V.'s Own), son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Belchamber, 82, Northampton Rd., Addiscombe, Surrey

Stuart Hamilton

Phyllis Verdon-Roe

Is the eldest daughter of Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe, the famous aeroplane designer and builder, and Lady Verdon-Roe, of Hamble House, Hamble, Hants., and is engaged to Flight-Lieut. J. H. G. Sarll, R.A.F., eldest son of Baron and Baroness Sarll

Elliott & Fry

Elizabeth Broke

Is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Harry Broke, R.E., and Mrs. Broke, of Gladwyns, Hatfield Heath, Herts.; her fiancé is Dermot M. B. Smart, 4th Gurkha Rifles, only son of the late D. B. Smart and Mrs. Smart, of 62, Alton Road, Bournemouth

Vandyk

Phyllis Barbara White

Is engaged to Reginald Stanley Thompson, of Sherborne School, son of Canon and Mrs. C. H. Thompson, of 29, Caledon Road, Parkstone, Dorset. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, of the Chestnuts, St. Cross, Winchester

Fayer of Vienna

Peggy Roper

Margaret Gwendoline Heyward Roper, daughter of Mrs. O. W. White, of Avondale, Dorchester, Dorset, is engaged to John Francis Williams Wynn, Royal Artillery, of Peniarth, Towyn, Merioneth, son of Major F. Williams Wynn, of Chilworth Cottage, Guildford

Fayer of Vienna

Yolande Howard

Is the younger daughter of the late V. Howard and Mrs. S. L. Higgs, of 17, Wimpole Street, W.1, and is engaged to Trevor Mackinnell-Childs, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Mackinnell-Childs, of 30, Pond Place, W.

Lenare

Elizabeth Mary Lupton

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. A. C. Lupton, of Rookbury Mill, Andover, Hants., and is to marry John Gibbons, younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. L. P. Gibbons, of Elm Hill, Grimley, Worcs.

Pearl Freeman

Joan Herdman

Is the only daughter of the late L. H. Herdman and Mrs. A. Florey, of Wellington; she is engaged to Reginald Dashwood-Tandy, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. Dashwood-Tandy, of St. Peter's, Jersey, Channel Isles

Hay Wrightson

Dorothy Monkhouse Jones

Is the daughter of the late Frederick Monkhouse Jones and Mrs. Monkhouse Jones, of Weymouth, Dorset, and is engaged to Paymaster Lieut. Robert Sterndale-Bennett, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Sterndale-Bennett, of Uppingham, Rutland

Samwell — Petsch

It was a Scottish-German wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Stirling, between H. P. Samwell, of Dalmorglen Park, Stirling, and Lieselotte Petsch, of Berlin. He is in the 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Territorials) and managing director of Scottish Radio Industries; she is the daughter of a Berlin government official

Wilson-Haffenden — Hawke

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Wallace Wilson-Haffenden, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson-Haffenden, of Home Wood, Coulsdon, Surrey, married Betty Olga Hawke, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Hawke, of 10, Bentinck Mansions, W.1

Ritchie — Wethered

It was a Marlow wedding at All Saints' Church between James Makepeace Thackeray Ritchie, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. D. Ritchie, of Woodend House, Marlow, and Anne Dorothy Charlotte Wethered, daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. R. Wethered, of The White House, Marlow

Jonas — Le Marchant

George Arthur Jonas, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Jonas, of Avonside, Fordingbridge, Hants., and Valerie Edith Le Marchant, only daughter of Admiral and Mrs. E. R. Le Marchant, of The White Cottage, Wood Green, Fordingbridge, were married in Salisbury Cathedral

Conan Doyle — Andersen

Adrian Malcolm Conan Doyle, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Lady Conan Doyle's second son, married Anna Charlotte Andersen, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Andersen, of Copenhagen, at Minstead Church in the New Forest. Lady Conan Doyle lives at Bignell Wood, Minstead

Peterson — McNeile

John Magnus Peterson, younger son of the Rev. M. F. and Mrs. Peterson, of The Old Well Cottage, Forest Row, Sussex, married Rosemary Ruth McNeile in Eton College Chapel. She is the younger daughter of the late A. M. McNeile and Mrs. McNeile, of Greenhall, Forest Row. The Dean of Durham officiated

(Continued on page iv.)

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 1—June 7

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AMPHITRYON 38.—Giraudoux's comedy played by the Lunts is fare for epicures: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—Jessica Tandy, Herbert Lomas and Reginald Tate are in Michael McOwan's new play: Duchess, 8.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Capek's charming satire on human weaknesses revives with the same cast as two years ago: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Immaculate throughout, this production has Gielgud as Shylock, Quartermaine as the Merchant, Peggy Ashcroft as Portia, superb décor by Motley: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's play about modern youth and marriage has ideas but not new ones; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Mary Jerrold, Ursula Jeans: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A new comedy with a strong cast, Zena Dare, Roger Livesey, Betty Chancellor and others: Ambassadors, 8.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.—Anmer Hall's presentation of Shaw has Gillian Scaife, Stanley Lathbury, Lydia Sherwood, Alexis France, and John Wise; produced by Michael McOwan: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Dorothy Sayers' play is in verse, and has a mediæval moral theme: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ENGADINE EXPRESS.—The new ice show is more elaborate and more connected than the last: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PELISSIER'S FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 105.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

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WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

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GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy has Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

8.45 AND ALL THAT.—A new intimate revue with a cast of twelve, including Greta Gynt, Robert Eddison, Charles Heslop: Royalty, to-night, 1st.

COSI FAN TUTTE.—The second opera at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, opens on Mon., 6th.

CINEMAS

THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER (American).—Annabella's first Hollywood picture is with William Powell: Regal.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert—what a team!—in a high-life romance: Carlton.

BREAK THE NEWS (American).—Jack Buchanan, Maurice Chevalier, June Knight are the stars; René Clair the director; Cole Porter the composer; result, a first-class comedy: Leicester Square.

THE CHALLENGE (British).—The rivalry in conquering the Matterhorn is the theme of this stirring scenic drama, with Luis Trenker, Robert Douglas, Mary Clare, Joan Gardner: London Pavilion.

DOCTOR RHYTHM (American).—Bing Crosby and Beatrice Lillie in an amusing musical comedy: Plaza.

CONVICT 99 (British).—Will Hay's newest farce puts him in the law's grip, with Graham Moffat and Googie Withers: Tivoli.

L'EQUIPAGE (French).—Annabella and Jean Murat in this revival are supported by *Aren't Men Beasts* with Hare and Drayton: Studio One.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life and death of a passion: Rialto.

I ACCUSE (French).—Not a genteel film, featuring war injured, but a strong indictment against war and its makers: Curzon.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Deanna Durbin's charming film with Herbert Marshall is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE MIRROR (Austrian).—Paula Wessely, Attila Hörbiger, Peter Petersen in a strong, simple story of the medical world: Berkeley.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SECOND BEST BED (British).—A modern taming of the shrew with Tom Walls at his horsey best and Jane Baxter as a fascinating, dimpled empty-head: Gaumont.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

TOM SAWYER (American).—Tommy Kelly takes the name-part in the film of Mark Twain's novel: Odeon.

OPERA and BALLET

COVENT GARDEN:

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THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY.—A seven weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas opens at the Scala on Mon., 30th.

BALLETS JOOSS.—*The Green Table* and eight other ballets form the programme: Old Vic., 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—The chanticleer company in Mozart's opera starts the Open Air Season, Regent's Park, 8.15. Sat., 2.30 (till 4th: see also First Nights).

SPORT

In and Out of Town

ENGLAND v. THE REST (3 days).—Lord's, to-day, 1st.

THE WALKER CUP.—Two days' play begins at St. Andrews, Fri., 3rd.

LAWSON POLO CUP.—A week's play begins at Roehampton, Sat., 4th.

RANELAGH OPEN POLO CUP.—A week's play begins on Whit-Monday.

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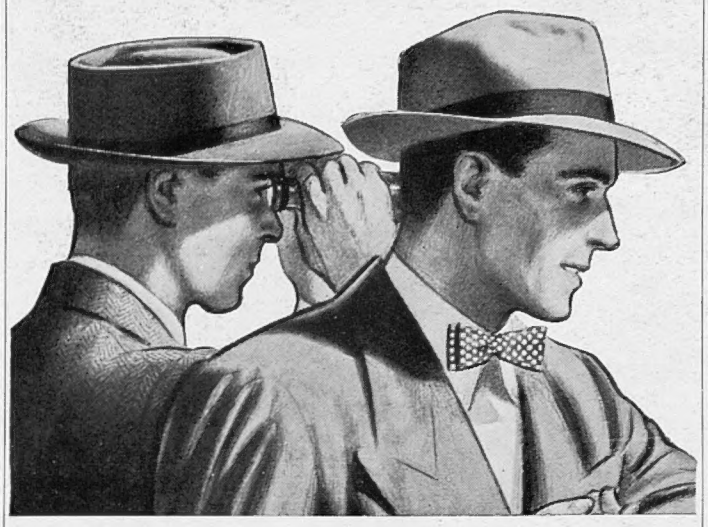

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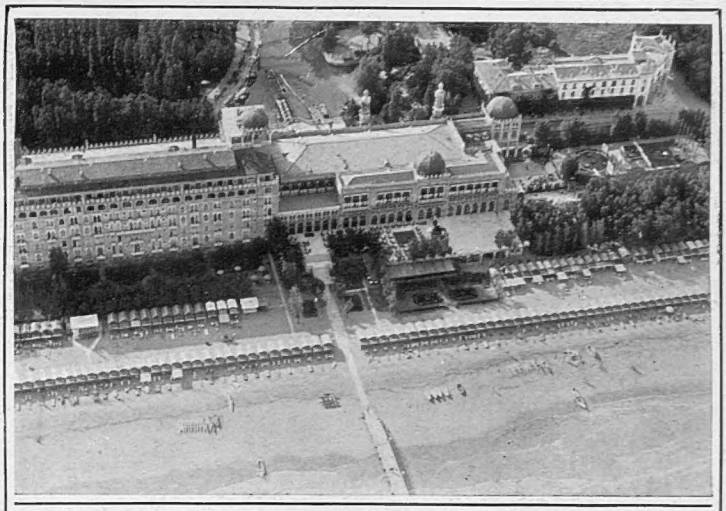

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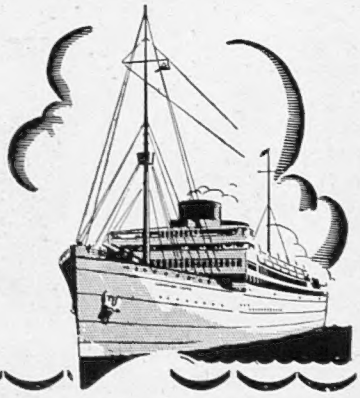

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